

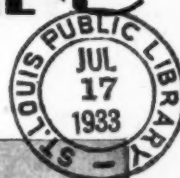
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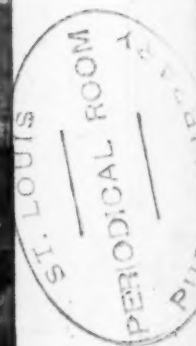
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# NATIONAL

## imagination



TALES  
BY THE SEA



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MRS. SNYDER'S PHILOSOPHY IS A TRADE MARK  
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HEART THROBS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE  
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DAVID CLAYPOOLE JOHNSTON'S HISTORIC "SCRAPS"  
ADVERTISING MEN IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED  
IN THE CAPITAL CITY NAMED FOR LINCOLN  
HIGH SPOTS BY NIXON WATERMAN

OUR TWO CENTURIES SINCE WASHINGTON

# ♦♦ TO BAGDAD AND BACK ♦♦

## The Romantic Travel Book Extraordinary

*"The Book You Will Love to Read"*

By **JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE**

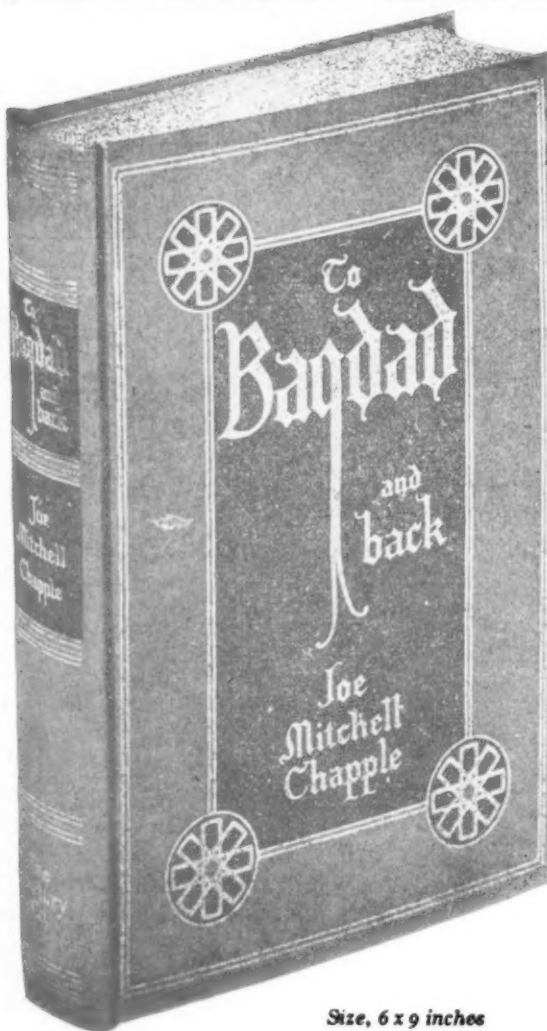
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of Enchantment

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Back Childhood's  
Dreams

Wander  
with its Author  
Amid the Scenes of  
Ancient Writ—the  
Birthplace of the  
Human Race

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free  
In the silken sail of infancy,  
The tide of time flow'd back with me,  
The forward-flowing tide of time;  
And many a sheeny summer morn,  
Adown the Tigris I was borne,  
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,  
High-walled gardens green and old;  
True Mussulman was I and sworn,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

—Tennyson



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the winds that fan the desert  
sands from Basra to Barca, her  
features scarred but unsullied by  
the hand of Time that laid low  
the Eternal City, Bagdad was  
old when the mythical story of  
Romulus and Remus told of the  
mythical origin of Rome. Older  
than the temples among whose  
ruins Mary and the Child sought  
shelter from the wrath of Herod;  
old, nay, hoary with age—when  
Moses, the Infant of the Nile,  
led forth half a million freed  
slaves and gave them an Empire  
and a Book."

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# Steinway

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS





Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh





## Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



**D**URING the hot-tempered dog days in Washington there was evidence of a spirit of "After you, Gaston," as to the organization of the next Congress among the opposing party leaders. Somehow the responsibility at this time is regarded as a hot poker. Power — divided authority—is dangerous in times of depression, say the political wiseacres. Consequently, with a nebulous majority "on the face of returns" Republicans may be permitted to organize the next House of Representatives by considerate

Democratic leaders who know which end is loaded. The presidential campaign of 1932 is coming on apace and there is no desire to assume any responsibilities at this time that might interfere with good campaign thunder. Perhaps this may be a result of Peace Pact impulses that have become a phase of international relations in these piping days. In the meantime, the President has resisted the advice of well-meaning friends to call an extra session of Congress and add anything further to the troubles in hand. The suggestions of sending wheat to China

and trading the U. S. Farm bureau's accumulated stock of agricultural products to Brazil for coffee, indicate that there is a purpose to keep "crops rotating." With this comes also many absurd propositions, such as plowing-in the cotton and burning the wheat and corn until the wise-cracking Will Rogers, as the world's worst statesman, has suggested that they shoot every third congressman and senator instead of plowing under every third row of cotton. As the direct representatives of the people, Congress is now about the most unpopular subject that can be discussed in almost any group. It is recalled this last session that they spent most of their time harassing the President and the executive branch of government rather than criticising constructively. This is the time for everyone to pull together and get the "ox out of the pit." Now is the time for real Americans to "lift"—in work for the country. Energies directed entirely towards political power, seeking public patronage provided by depleted revenues is not so hotly popular with people out of employment and taxes to pay and a cold winter ahead.

**B**EFORE sailing on his Philippine tour of inspection the Secretary of War paid his respects to the carping critics of the President. As the youngest member of President Hoover's Cabinet, he is revealing an appropriate militant spirit. In his radio talk at San Francisco he scored the petty gossipers peddling trivial and harrasing details sent out by opponents of the administration with a political propagandic purpose. Making light of the President of the United States is a pastime with some people who have little knowledge of what they are talking about. The presidency of the United States has proved a man-killing job even in times of prosperity. The old-time notion that everything can be blamed solely on the administration, including weather, drought, and world conditions exploded with the stock market crash. Fortunately, people have the same impulse to stand by the President in his battles during the trying times of peace adjustments as in the excitement and fervor of wartimes. There are others who are always "against." These times may be another test of the institutions and the government under which we are living and which Abraham Lincoln declared shall not perish from the face of the earth.

\* \* \*



**W**HEN I first heard Aristide Briand make his plea at the Washington Conference in 1922, I felt that I was listening to a great orator. Although I did not understand French, there was something in the sincerity of gesture and expression that conveyed the meaning. Briand is a speaker who stirs the heart as well as the head. His great mass of black hair, almost of a purple hue, flashing eyes and climatic wave of both arms, presented a living, breathing "sound" picture that can never be forgotten. Twelve times he has been premier of France, and was at the head of the government during the Battle of Verdun, when the heroic soldiers stood firm with the slogan, "They shall not pass." In recent years, his great battle has been for peace. Opening fire on his foes after he had just missed another election as President of France, in Gourdon in the presence of five thousand soldiers he uttered epochal words. "If we are

to avoid war, we must prepare for peace; we must organize it; think and plan for it. There could be nothing more eloquent than these men standing here as propaganda for peace, an evidence of their ardent faith and hope that they and their children will be spared further war." In moving language he described the Battle of Verdun, and closed with the same stirring appeal for peace that has permeated nearly every address he has made since the War. "The task of this generation is to protect the next from having to suffer what we have suffered," and he again reiterated the startling assertion made at Geneva, "As long as I am where I am, there will be no war." In this he referred to the position which he now holds as Minister of Foreign Affairs. With the gallantry of his race, he closed his address to twenty thousand people shouting, "Vive Le Briand—Down with War. Peace and Prosperity," by turning to a group of women, "When women are with us in our work for peace, we will conquer war." These words were from a Frenchman, the grandson of a soldier who fought under Napoleon and representing a country that has tried and tested the glory of war and found it wanting. If the crusade for disarmament prevails the world will realize that the World War was not fought in vain.

FROM the classic shades of Cambridge comes Frederick W. Dallinger, who for many years has responded to the rollcall in Congress from the district which includes Harvard University. Strangely enough, it is also an area in which many thriving industrial institutions interested in the protective tariff are located and even includes the Massachusetts Institute of Tech-



Hon. F. W. Dallinger

nology, from which so many industrial leaders are graduated. Mr. Dallinger was born in Cambridge and has a list of college degrees that reads like the alphabet — A.B., A.M. and LL.B. Before taking up his work as a lecturer on Government in Harvard University in 1912, he served as Member of the House of Representatives and State Senator for many years. Elected successively to Congress for six terms he retired of his own volition, but upon the death of his successor he was appointed to fill the vacancy and was returned to the Seventieth Congress by admiring constituents who insist that he has a life job. Mr. Dallinger has the distinction of being one of the few men in Congress wearing a beard and his envious colleagues call it a Van Dyke. As one of his colleagues has remarked, "Dallinger is always ready with good level-headed ideas and knows the procedures of legislation and government thoroughly."



Aristide Briand

THERE will be some lively discussions in the cloak room as well as on the floor of Congress concerning the Russian situation. One of the members who will be pointed out as an authority on the subject is A. Piatt Andrew of Gloucester, Massachusetts. After five weeks in the Soviet Union this summer he insists that if any American wants to get away from the routine of life at home he can find diversion in Soviet Russia, where no American, English or German papers can be had and where the radio is like an unknown language. It was for him an isolation, even deprived of hot water, butter and the other necessities of life in the United States which remain luxuries in Russia under the present conditions. Flies and filth and other insect life abound in Russia, and yet, he found much that absorbs his attention and stirred his mind as an experiment of human experience. His descriptive comparison of Russia to the world war conditions in Europe is most graphic.

"Suggestive of war days also was the presence of soldiers everywhere, on guard with fixed bayonets in front of many buildings, lounging off duty in the public squares, or parading through the streets at all hours in step with bands playing stirring marches. The soldiers were the only well clad people one saw in all of the Soviet Union, but they, in their high leather boots, trimly cut breeches, and tightly belted blouses, are as smartly uniformed as any troops in the world. The great military parade through the 'Red Square' in Moscow on May Day was one of the most imposing displays of the kind that I can recall having seen anywhere in peace time. Seemingly endless files of freshly uniformed infantry, well mounted cavalry, machine gun battalions, artillery, armored motor cars, tanks (at least a hundred of them), moved with speed and precision for two full hours before the reviewing stands around Lenin's Tomb, while a massed band of six hundred pieces furnished continuous music, and scores of planes whirled overhead. Similar parades were held that day in every city of the Soviet Union. For although the Soviet Government purports to be pacific in aim, it maintains the largest army in the world, and compels every able bodied youth to serve from one to two years in its ranks."



WITH a sweep as clean as if a cyclone had struck town, the buildings on the Potomac side of Pennsylvania Avenue have been removed. Old cellars gauntly revealed the locations. The Mall is coming into its own as planned. The new Government buildings will occupy wide open spaces. The Capitol is to have more breathing space in a spacious stretch of shrubbery, trees and grass. Public grounds are undergoing a transformation that would make the Rip Van Winkles rub their eyes on returning "after twenty years."

\* \* \*

THE city of Bradford, Pa., seems to have acquired the habit of electing Spencer M. DeGolier as mayor. This also calls for service as "Superintendent of Police." Four times he has been reelected to the combination office in his native city. He graduated from the high school and then entered the "school of hard knocks." On his father's side he is the descendant of a French officer who fought under Napoleon and his mother is one of the renowned family of Scotch McCoys and was born in New York City. The family moved to Oil City at the time oil was discovered and here the future mayor was born. First elected in 1911, with a salary of \$800 a year he earned his money as the first native-born and youngest mayor the city had ever had. Although he started in life as a baritone singer and was contemplating entering the ministry, he has devoted most of his later years to a liberal creed of government, believing that enlightenment brings happiness and that the art of government consists in the proven acts of honesty. He has announced an agreement with Bishop Brown that "the clash of minds, not the clash of weapons, is the condition of progress of new ideas," which indicates that he is an official who loves peaceful pursuits rather than the cre-



Hon. William Tudor Gardiner

ating of the strifes and jealousies and graft that come from public service based upon purely political motives and purpose. Campaigning with him is unique, because they are not campaigns. He has not been known to ask a single individual to vote for him and has refused to have any friends raise a campaign fund. As a mayor he has stood squarely upon the proposition of being given a job to do—and doing it without fear or favor.

\* \* \*

WHEN Boardman and Polando returned from their long distance world record flight to Istanbul, Turkey they were given the usual aviation hero welcome, following in the lanes that were established when Lindbergh landed. The intrepid spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers was reflected in the achievement accorded the plane appropriately named the "Cape Cod." The welcome was somewhat different and came from the people that the Pilgrim Fathers were wont to consider as heathens. The Occident and the Orient were more significantly brought together in this flight than by any other one event. Kemal Pasha and the Turks reputed blood-thirsty and cruel proved most hospitable hosts to the young adventurers from the land of the Pilgrims. They were even decorated with diamonds on which they had to pay duty on their return. Boston outdid itself in its joyous greetings to the daring young aviators who have charted new channels through the skies and annihilated distance flights as has never been done before.

\* \* \*

IN a room on the seventh floor of the Department of Commerce building, Mr. Walter S. Gifford is directing the work of the unemployment situation with clear-headed plans. The commission of eighty-five appointed from various states is giving him whole-hearted co-operation in the purpose to handle the situation in a nation-wide movement in support of local efforts to meet local needs. Mr. Owen D. Young has been chosen as chairman of the committee to co-operate with the cities and states in raising funds from October nineteenth to October twenty-fifth to fortify for meeting the distress coming from unemployment. That means everyone lift!



Hon. Carter Glass, Senator from Virginia



**A**S Secretary of Labor under three presidents, James J. Davis was able to inject the humanitarian and Golden Rule spirit in his Department characteristic of his career. As Director-General of the Loyal



Carl Laemmle, Sr.,  
Founder of Universal Pictures

Order of Moose he has never drifted far from the gentle and kind impulses reflected in the practical results in the constructive life of the Welsh lad immigrant. As United States Senator from Pennsylvania, he has continued along the same lines, ably representing the state where he spent the formative years of his life as a puddler in an iron mill. The spirit of President Hoover's moratorium is already influencing American business relations. It has already made the Shylocks in trade and business recognize that the same consideration extended foreign nations in the payment of obligations should apply to some extent in the every-day activities of business at home. The old time "pound of flesh" exactions under the guise of legal protection and property rights are undergoing a decided change in the light of events transpiring in Russia. Senator Davis's life has been identified with labor and the wage-earners. The firm opposition of American labor to Communism has done much to maintain the balance of public opinion in the United States despite the lure and spell that comes with a desire "for a change." There was a time when it seemed as if all the country had gone wild over the free Silver question, but the good old ship of state righted itself in due time and continued to sail on smooth seas. Senator Davis is one public leader, who under all circumstances keeps a level head and pursues persistently the fundamental ideals that have stood the test of the centuries, keeping in mind aspirations and hopes of the people towards the betterment of home life and conditions among the plain people—as Lincoln loved to call us.

\* \* \*

**T**HE recent statements of Mr. Carl Laemmle, Jr. concerning the character of motion pictures which his company proposes to make in the future must have brought to the face of his father, Mr. Carl Laemmle, a pioneer in the industry, a smile of supreme satisfaction. From the time he was a tiny lad to this day young Laemmle has had the devoted counsel of his father and has grown up with the development of motion pictures. When I first met Carl Laemmle, then employed in a Wisconsin clothing store, I thought I discerned a dreamy look in his eyes that indicated that some day he was going to do something that would attract public attention. Since arriving as an immigrant lad in America on St. Valentine's Day in 1884 from his birthplace in Laupheim, Germany, he has put in a busy forty-seven years. A

real achievement by an adopted citizen is exemplified in the career of Carl Laemmle. Landing in New York with a few dollars in his pocket he started in to do anything that he could find to do until he found something better. This has been the policy of his life, always looking for something better. Making a tour of the wild and woolly West in early manhood gave him an experience that served well in his later judgment of pictures. Working on a farm in South Dakota for four dollars a week led to a certain knowledge of people in the country districts as well as farming. For ten years he led the prosaic life of a head bookkeeper in a department store. Then came the opportunity—he saw motion pictures. With a few hundred dollars he joined Mr. Cochrane, a young advertising man in Chicago, ready to try his hand in what looked like a wild dream. They launched the White Front Theatre, but more than that they launched an enterprise together that spans the eventful and romantic history of the making of motion pictures. When Mr. Laemmle visits Washington he is accorded welcome as a distinguished visitor. There are few names more familiar to the American people than that of the alert and far-seeing founder of Universal City and the Universal Film Company that has truly provided a worthy example of the universality of purpose and plan of motion pictures.

\* \* \*

**A**T periodic intervals there is an outbreak against Tammany in New York that becomes historic. The Seabury investigation now going on focussed interest on New York much as it did in the days of Boss Tweed. The old cartoons of Thomas Nast have been brought out of the attic reflecting the imperial sway of the Sachem of Tammany Hall in those days. Bearing the brunt of the fight which involves an alleged attempt to control the judiciary, John F. Curry, the present leader of Tammany Hall, is having his troubles. While he is in no way charged with being a Boss Tweed he is finding that



Mayor DeGolier of Bradford, Pa.

Tammany is still a local power. Governor Roosevelt realizes that there is a presidential campaign pending and Tammany has never been exceedingly popular with the electorate of the United States. In the meantime, Governor Alfred Smith is attending to business at the Empire State Building where five thousand people per day go up the elevators at one dollar per head to see the city and visit the highest spot above the earth's surface that has yet been reached by human habitation. Governor Smith simply says nothing and saws wood when it is mentioned that an endorsement of Franklin Roosevelt as Democratic candidate for President might do some good for a favorite son.

\* \* \*

**W**HENEVER "Jimmy" Gheen comes to town they are sure of a good talk and a jolly gathering at the Press Club in Washington. With an inexhaustible source of good humor and ready tongue his enthusiasm has served to revive many a moribund organization. He lives at Albany, N. Y., the United States of America is his field for making men laugh, think and do things. During the war he gained a keen insight into human nature in the operations of the mass mind. Although a Pennsylvania Quaker he has Irish blood in his veins and is always there with wit and repartee. From Florida to Seattle and Halifax to San Diego, "Jimmy" Gheen has made his pilgrimages as an apostle of good humor. Serving as a secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Niagara Falls, Bethlehem, Pa. and Jacksonville, Fla., he was thrice preparing himself as a civic analyst ready to survey the needs of a community in tuning hopeful notions and keeping step with the progressive ideas of the times.

\* \* \*

**A**GLOW of childhood memories must have come to President Hoover when he greeted a sturdy delegation of one hundred grammar school graduates, representing every state in the Union. These girls and boys were selected by the governors of the various states and the State Boards of Education to participate in an examination to



Hon. James J. Davis,  
U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania

pave the way for teaching certain subjects in schools through the medium of sound pictures. The Iowa delegation was in charge of Professor L. C. Taylor, principal of La Porte City High School, and the representatives of Iowa were Miss Margaret Walker of that city and Mr. Lyle Nasby of Estherville. The La Porte school is not far from West Branch, Iowa where Herbert Hoover first attended school. Needless to say, the young people did some vigorous sight-seeing in Wash-



U. S. Senator George H. Moses  
Who hails from New Hampshire

ington and included Mount Vernon and Annapolis in the itinerary. This gathering was accounted important in the movement to utilize sound pictures in the schools. The work is in charge of Miss Goodykoontz, assistant United States commissioner of education.

\* \* \*

**S**UMMER days find many thousands of tourists in New Hampshire. Visiting the White Mountains, they look upon Mount Washington and enjoy the vacation charms of the Granite State. This year echoes a general inquiry from visitors outside concerning Senator George H. Moses. Although President pro tem of the Senate he has been able to express himself and although presiding often over that august body at intervals he has not suffered the restraint that attends the Vice-President. Enabled to take part in the discussions on the floor, he usually keeps things buzzing and has even attained a wider reputation for caustic and telling comment than his predecessor, Senator William E. Chandler, who was also a



"Jimmy" Gheen



member of Harrison's cabinet. In traveling about New Hampshire one discovers a frankly earnest admiration among the home folk in relation of their senator called Moses. They are gratified to know that they have a representative in the Upper House who is of truly national proportions. It is not necessary to furnish an appendix or index explanation concerning the "whoo" of George H. Moses. Even his political opponents admit that he is a real asset that helps to keep New Hampshire on the map. Ever since his early newspaper days and later as Minister to Greece where he addressed Athenians in the classic Greek of ancient days which he acquired in college, he has been able to make himself understood in clear-cut and apt phrase. In his recent articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* he has proved that he can write about governmental matters in as interesting a way as he speaks—and be understood. Brusque and brilliant, with a capacity for making loyal friends, there does not seem to be much doubt that no matter how the political winds may blow in New Hampshire, the little state with the largest legislature per capita in the country is keenly alive to the advantages of having a senator who is not a cipher with the rim off when it comes to senatorial debate or national deliberations.

EVERY sort of a calling or occupation must have an organization in these days—this is one proof of the co-ordinated power of the United States. When the governors of the various states had their conference this year in Indiana there were many who did much talking; there were others who made it an occasion of political significance. When it came to getting down to the "business before the house" the popular and aggressive young governor of the State of Maine (you must always say "State of Maine") William Tudor Gardiner was right there. Although born in Massachusetts and graduating from Harvard, he is recognized as one thoroughly attuned to living in the State of Maine where he began the practice of law at Augusta, the old home of James G. Blaine. Enlisting as a private in the Pioneer Infantry in the World War, he was promoted after serving in the Argonne Offensive. After the war he became speaker of the Maine House of Representatives and was elected Governor in 1929. In his college days he won the intermediate single scull race in the National Association and has seemed to know how to "paddle his own canoe" in public service.

WITH the work beginning on the Skyline Boulevard on the summit of Virginia Mountains and the establishment of a new national park, the Old Dominion State will be able to exploit its

scenic splendors in a new way. The romantic Blue Ridge and Alleghanies, with caverns and historic shrines, have made Virginia one Commonwealth that has retained the charm of the natural attractions that lured the early Colonial home-makers of the Republic. The birthplace of eight presidents, to say nothing of a long list of eminent men in American history, Virginia maintains a standard of qualifications in Congress and the Senate, that accords with tradition. Carter Glass, senator from Virginia, born at Lynchburg and educated in the public schools and Washington and Lee University measures up to the requirements. As owner and editor of a newspaper in early manhood he soon became an important factor in the affairs of Virginia. While serving several terms in Congress he became Chairman on Banking and Currency when the Federal Reserve Bank Act was passed. Under President Wilson he became Secretary of the Treasury, resigning in 1920 to accept an appointment as senator from Virginia. Twice reelected to this high office to represent his native state in the United States Senate tells the story of Carter Glass who has carried on the fine historic traditions of the Old Dominion State.



Hon. John F. Curry, Sachem of Tammany Hall



# Washington, Two Hundred Years After

*A new Biographical sketch of the Father of His Country written after visiting the scenes associated with his eventful career in the light of two centuries after.*

By JOHN E. JONES

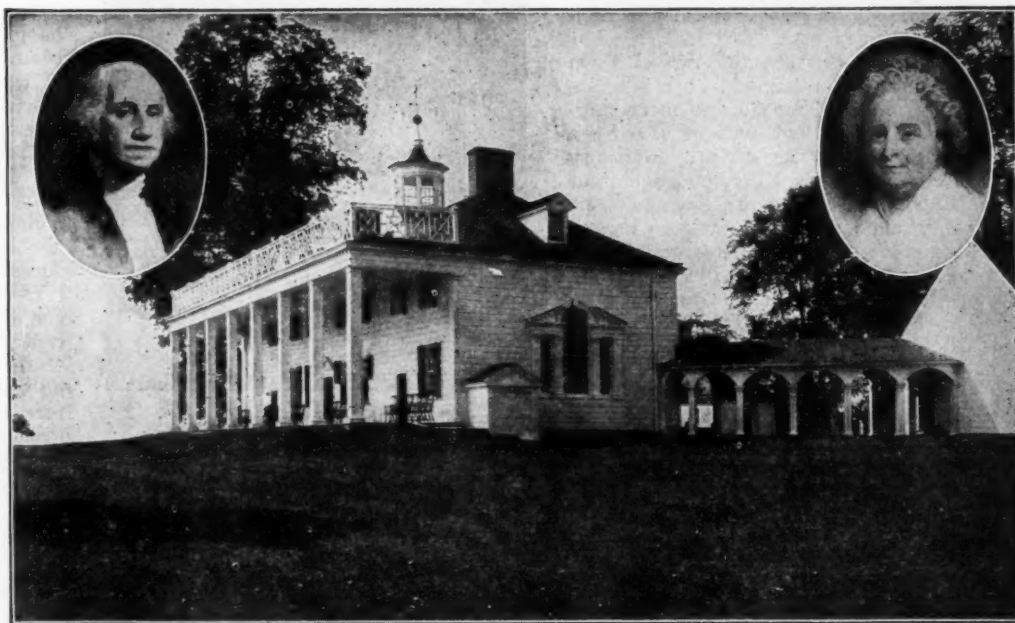
THE Bicentennial celebration of the birth of George Washington is at hand. Historical prolixity had a monopoly in the days when people rocked and read, but those were the horse and buggy days. Now we are in the electrical age. If you will go with me on this 1932 expedition I will endeavor to furnish direct statements and easy reading and stick to the short cuts through these pages of "Our Two Centuries Since Washington Was Born."

"In the beginning", George Washington was born in the backwoods of Virginia, February 22, 1732. He was a better boy than the average goes today. In his manhood he was an excellent Virginia gentleman. He was a soldier who never acknowledged defeat—but retreated, instead, and then turned back and defeated his enemies. As a statesman and as our first President he was equally resourceful and successful. In the language of 1932 he was a go-getter and a genius. To you, and to me, he is the Human Symbol of our great Nation. As such he lives, and grows greater in public estimation with the passing years.

Wakefield, Virginia, claims distinction as the birthplace of Washington. His parents had a fine, big house, and a large area of land. They led "the simple life" on the frontier. It has taken nearly two centuries to stir up sentimental concern over Wakefield, at which place the boy George lived, in all, about five years. It was not until after the World War that tourists began to brave the sandy roads south of Fredericksburg, Va., and when they finally arrived at Wakefield they found a beautiful monument. At the base of the shaft there was the appropriate and simple inscription, "Birthplace of George Washington." It had been erected by the United States Government. Wakefield is a lovely spot, with a pleasant outlook across Pope's Creek where that stream broadens out to join the Potomac River. When a surfaced highway reached Wakefield it resulted in "Washington's birthplace" becoming the objective for many tourists. Plans for the restoration began to formulate and in 1923 the Wakefield National Memorial Association was formed by a small group of persons, their principal object being to build a replica of the old house, and this task has been completed. The reproduction is wholly satisfying to all who visit it.

Congress designated Washington's birthplace as a national monument under the administration of the National Park Service, and authorized a substantial appropriation to aid in the expense of restoring the ancient estate. Consequently Washington's birthplace has regained its place in the picture of affairs concerning his young life.

reservation to the effect that "money went farther then than it does now" is in order. A young cherry tree grows near a weather-beaten and decrepit old building which one is told was used by George Washington's father, and which on that account has been thoughtfully protected by an overhanging roof built entirely above, and prevented



Carlock

The Mount Vernon of today, with portraits of General and Mrs. Washington

## Where the Cherry Tree Grew

In contrast to the recently re-discovered Wakefield is the site of the Washington farm across the Rappahannock from Fredericksburg, long recognized as the home of the Washington family. There one finds today blooded cattle, good buildings, up-to-date equipment, and land that is well cared for and productive. Here George Washington learned from his father and mother the first principles of farming, which brought him at a later period in his life to record that he found "much more delightful to an undebauched mind the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vain glory that can be acquired by the most uninterrupted career of conquests." Elsewhere he says that "the life of the husbandman of all others is the most delectable . . . To see plants rise from the earth and flourish by the superior skill of the laborer fills a contemplative mind with ideas which are more easy to be conceived than expressed."

If Washington threw a dollar across the Rappahannock at this place then a mental

from resting on the old structure. The new cherry tree furnishes a pleasant reminder of Parson Weems' old story about the hatchet and the sacred truth—one of a collection of Weems' yarns which caused several historians to reach the conclusion that if George could not tell a lie, the parson could.

When George was eleven years old his father died. The boy spent his school days on the Rappahannock, and acquired what has been described as an "elementary and effective" education, including a knowledge of mathematics, all before he was sixteen. By that time he was a public character. He had learned to spell about as well as most educated men of his times, but that was none too good. More than a thousand hitherto unpublished letters that will appear in connection with the forthcoming Bicentennial will show, however, that he had no difficulty in expressing himself in writing as clearly as a Wilson or a Coolidge. Even as a boy, though bashful, he must have loved violently, and his heart fluttered as

any good American boy's heart should flutter, when he stooped to poetry. Let George say it:

*"Poor restless heart,  
Wounded by Cupid's dart . . .*

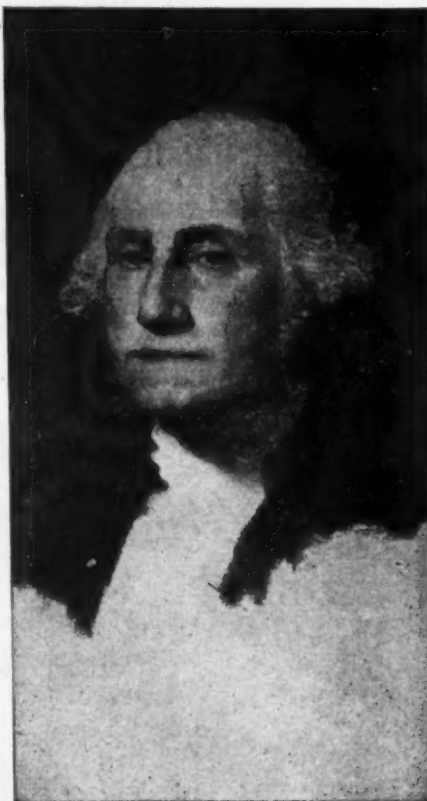
*"Ah, woe is me, that I should love and conceal;  
Long have I wished and never dare reveal."*

In the Masonic lodge at Alexandria a custodian will be glad to show you, if you ask him, a portrait that he believes is of the "lowland beauty," for whom the above lines were written. Beholding that portrait one "doesn't blame George."

#### *Getting Started in Life*

Naturally Lawrence Washington could not imagine that this young half-brother of his was destined to humble mighty England and eventually to become "the Father of His Country." Lawrence had not anticipated any such form of "fathers." Neither had George, so between the two of them they prevailed upon Admiral Vernon to obtain an appointment for George in the English navy. George's mother thought her son too young to go gunning over the high seas in the service of his King, and she went down to the ship and made George take his luggage and go ashore. That was one of life's darkest moments for George. An interested uncle heard about the affair and found that he could place George as an apprentice to a tinker in England. But it was Mary Washington's plan that George should be a surveyor, and she was anxious for him to get started to earn his own living. George was no exception to the general rule that good boys are always well-liked by their elders, and this was particularly the condition in that region about Mount Vernon, the quiet Virginia habitation of Lawrence Washington, where George

made himself at home some of the time. Lord Thomas Fairfax owned five million acres of land, and of course he didn't know where a large part of his possessions were



"The Father of our Country"

located. Although he was very fond of George, he must have deliberated carefully before he engaged the boy of sixteen as his surveyor.

It must be remembered that "surveying" was mother Washington's big idea. Despite the observation by Senator Lodge in his history that she was not an important person until her son's greatness made her so, she had a mother's interest in all matters effecting her son. So she landed George in his first job. She seemed always to think everything that George did was exactly right—a failing that it is said still exists among mothers.

This good woman is affectionately known as "Mary," and her later home and the monument to her memory are show spots in Fredericksburg. From what is known about her it is safe to say that such an endearment as is indicated by the way her first name is used by everybody might not have been agreeable to her in the days when she was alive. But whether the problem was surveying, war, or running a new Government, George was always her first choice for the undertaking. Her greatest happiness came when George married the beautiful and intelligent widow Custis.

It was pretty hard for some of the older descendants of good old English families to witness the break with the mother country. George's family descended from the best old English stock. That did not prevent Mary from believing whole-heartedly in the righteousness of the cause from the day her son became commander-in-chief of the American army. However, like other mothers, she became impatient at times and once she expressed the wish that "George would come home and attend to his plantations." Mother and son met for the last time when he went to Fredericksburg to see her before leaving for New York to accept the Presidency, in which position he declined to accept any salary, although on that same trip to Fredericksburg he found it necessary, to borrow a considerable sum of money to provide for his personal expenses.

It is important as an index to the character of the boy Washington that Lord Thomas Fairfax confided to the lad the undertaking of surveying his vast estates. This was a task, wrote Senator Lodge, "which, according to its performance, would effect both his fortune and his peace. In a word," continued Mr. Lodge, "he trusted Washington and told him as the spring of 1748 was opening, to go forth and survey the vast Fairfax estates beyond the Ridge, define their boundaries, and save them from future litigation."

"Greenway Court" belonged to Lord Fairfax. This almost forgotten spot is situated a few miles from Winchester. Beautiful trees, planted by Fairfax, and velvety green lawns still remind the occasional visitors of its departed splendor. One priceless building remains. It is the little stone office, which never had windows, but instead narrow lookouts large enough to shove a musket through. The doors were constructed with strong criss-crossed hardwood boards, built to withstand attacks by Indians—in fact, a miniature fortress. Lord Fairfax



The Mount Vernon Family



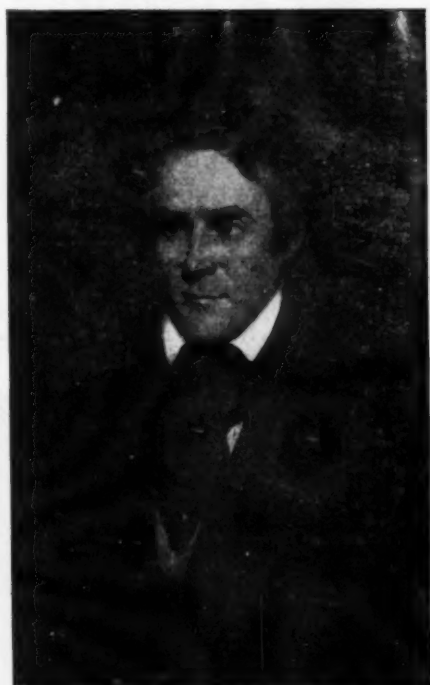
# Humor Still Tickles in Old "Scraps"

*The work of David Claypoole Johnston, an American artist and friend of Cruikshank who made Thackeray famous, reveals a source of American humor and art of today - Story of a family of Boston artists*

ALTHOUGH I have visited many of the noted art galleries of the world—in Italy, Spain, Holland and England—I have never felt so attuned to the real spirit of art as I was in a home associated with the work of a family of noted American artists.

The little Ford machine turned into a sequestered nook off Columbia Road, and I found myself at the old home of David Claypoole Johnston. Here I found his granddaughter, Mrs. Mary E. Donovan, enjoying a visit from her brother, Rev. Richard Cartwright, C. S. P. rector of St. Paul's College in Washington.

On the walls of this modest home, where once lived the late Miss Sarah, daughter of David Claypoole Johnston, herself distinguished in the art world, were the paintings of this talented family. But first of all I felt that I must make a pilgrimage to the attic, where I looked upon those rare drawings that were contemporaries and, in many respects, equal in my mind to the work of Cruikshank, whose illustrations made the Thackeray books famous.



David Claypoole Johnston

In a book titled "Scraps" I saw reproductions of paintings that reflected the stirring spirit and humor of these halcyon days. Then I consulted the records and glimpsed a biographic flash of a man whose name is indissolubly associated with the

development of American art. Although he lived most of his life in Boston, David Claypoole Johnston, named for the David Claypoole who printed the first copy of the Constitution of the United States, was born on a bleak March day, in Philadelphia, during 1789. He last looked upon the physical light of day in this Dorchester home on November 8, 1865.

His ancestors were of the Johnston family of Annandale, Scotland. The family coat-of-arms show a silver-winged spur and bears the motto "Nunquam Non Paratus" (never unprepared).

As a young man, Johnston was a member of the Stock Company of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. He later moved to Boston to join the Stock Company of the Federal Street Theatre.

Although a clever actor, Johnston was destined to make his mark in another field—that of art, and all his spare moments were spent with pencil, or water-color brush, or in working over his copper plates.

Rapid development in this artistic work soon led him to abandon the foot-lights, that he might devote himself entirely to his art, and so great was his success, as an illustrator and as an etching caricaturist, that it won for Johnston the sobriquet the "Cruikshank of America".

In a characteristic sketch of his own life he records, "I cut the stage to cut copper." He married Sarah Elizabeth Murphy, daughter of the Thomas Murphy who escaped from County Wexford, Ireland, and came to America in 1798, having been involved in the Land League Agitation.

The daughter, Sarah Murphy, was a young woman of rare beauty and charm, who had studied art, herself gifted in the execution of black and white, and pastel, and she remained the inspiration that encouraged her talented husband in his great life work.

With loving devotion, his granddaughter has brought out of the attic and refinished many of the priceless relics associated with his illustrious career. Here was the old hair trunk, a large leather pocketbook, a sword-cane for self-protection.

Here I also found a collection of volumes containing the etchings of this noted American caricaturist. A complete collection of these good humored skits are treasured by his grandchildren, and his other work is only to be found in a few libraries and rare public collections.

One can spend the most delightful hours especially in these disgruntled times, in looking over the humorous skits of David Johnston drawn in 1837. One of them is entitled "Phrenology Exemplified and Illustrated". The fad of that time is treated

with good natured banter, cleverly burlesquing the style of these peculiar text books of philosophy.

Johnston's humor enabled him to shoot "folly as it flew", but his arrows were never poisoned, although they hit the target and



Mrs. David Claypoole Johnston

pierced deep in to the foibles of the times.

He knew how to satirize without being open to the charge of distorting truth. Even the titles given his drawings, and the dialogue between his imaginary characters, revealed the blend of rare literary as well as artistic leanings.

The fashions of the day, of both sexes, came in for sharp shafts of sarcasm that might well be apposite even today.

His sketches attracted much attention in the Old Corner Bookstore, and the stationery store opposite the old State House that was located by the sign of an umbrella. They made the sedate Bostonians smile, and the youngsters revelled in the wit of Johnston even more enthusiastically than the children of today enjoy the "funnies" in the Sunday papers.

When they were removed from the show windows, the children felt as if the circus had folded its tent and passed away, leaving only memories.

With all of his love of natural humor, David Claypoole Johnston had strong artistic feeling. His art criticisms expressed in dry and piquant phrase, were always discriminating and instructive.

Early in life he became a collector of rare books and prints, and some of these treas-



ures are still preserved as family heirlooms.

In those days it was said that an evening with Johnston was an occasion never to be forgotten, and here in his Boston home I felt that his genial spirit had marched on

markable portrait at the old home in Dorchester. Many lithographs of this portrait have been made and distributed over the country, as it was one of the few made from life.

seems to have been characteristic of this family of artists who have left work on canvas that will continue on for all time.

In this retreat I felt as if I were just visiting David Claypoole Johnston in the heyday of his happiness, with his beauti-



Chinese Tail in Two Parts

through the century of time, affecting the very atmosphere of the old home retreat, where his work has been reverently and tenderly preserved, offering many rare opportunities for the art collector of the present and future.

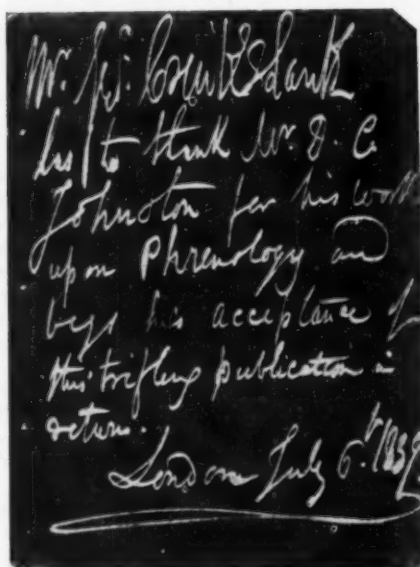
On the walls of various rooms were the evidences of his genius as projected through his talented children. The portraits of himself and his beautiful wife made one feel that they might be present, because they were speaking likenesses of the dignity and beauty of his time. Here and there were portraits by his sons, Tom and John, as well as his daughters, Charlotte and Sarah.

Reared in the atmosphere of this home, each one of the children early developed some artistic attainment. John B. Johnston was a well-known cattle painter, devoting attention to the study of cattle portraiture. He has used certain breeds of Massachusetts pastures cattle as models for paintings, two of which hang in the Boston Art Museum. He also traveled abroad and studied at the Beaux Arts.

Thomas M. Johnston excelled in portraits. Soon after the election of Abraham Lincoln, in 1860, he was called to Springfield, Illinois, where Mr. Lincoln gave him the necessary sittings. He completed this re-



An Officer drawing his Sword



A Greeting from Cruikshank

His success in this venture was quickly followed by portraits of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Sumner, John Greenleaf Whittier, Wendell Phillips, John Brown, William Lloyd Garrison and John Howard Payne, the author of "Home Sweet Home". His portrait of the "Italian Boy", which he painted in Europe, was reproduced as a popular favorite. Copies were still hanging in the room where this young genius worked. He made the large oil painting which hangs in front of the choir in the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Boston. It is a fine specimen of his skill in this difficult branch of art, full of religious feeling and inspiring sentiment, yet strong and vigorous in execution.

His sister, Mary Priscilla Johnston, was his model. Young Tom Johnston was of that delicate and poetical type of beauty, and his untimely death in Paris at the age of 38 was regarded as a distinct loss to American art. The sister, Charlotte Johnston, was better known as a public reader, and at one time a member of the old Boston Museum Stock Company, but she too had shown great talent as an artist and later in life designed many of those notable patterns used by Cheney Brothers, silk manufacturers in South Manchester, Conn.

The last surviving sister of the family of David Claypoole Johnston was Sarah who was a pupil of William Morris Hunt the most famous artist of his time. She did work in black and white, and a number of book covers, showing strength and technique, and delicacy of expression, which



Women's Tonsorial Rights

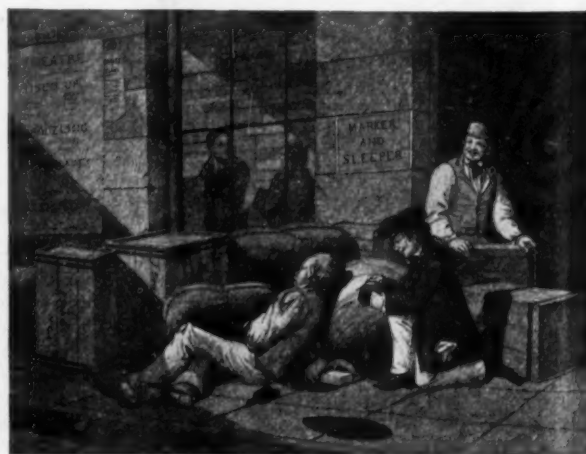
ful wife, the mother, at the head of the table, with his talented quartette of children around about using pencil and brush almost before they were using knife and fork.

I could feel the genial humor of the man, so impressively reflected in the small collection of old Scrap Books which were found stowed away in the attic with his other art treasures of books and etchings.



A Taste for Chemistry

It seemed as if his work ignites a spirit of good humor—a fellowship and friendliness. Although we live in a century apart, it seems as if we were visiting him that day finding that the same old ideas, aspirations and longings of those who had gone before are precisely the same of those who have followed after.



"Marker and Sleeper"

# In the Capital City Named for Lincoln

*A visit to the Capitol located on the rolling prairies of Nebraska counted one of the triumphs of modern architecture—"The Sower" continues an emblem of faith in the harvest to come from the soil*

DATING from the sixties in the nineteenth century, there has been a distinction and glamor associated with the very word Lincoln. It finally lured me to the capital city of Nebraska. One of the first municipalities to be named in honor of the great emancipator, the significance of the magic combination of seven letters may have had something to do with the ambitions and aspirations of Nebraska to have a state capitol building worthy of the name of the city in which it is located.

An inherent craving for the beautiful in art found responsive hearts in the sturdy farmer folk across the Missouri, where flows the River Platte. Associated with scenes crossing the plains and the "covered wagon," are art expressions in this supreme queen of capitol buildings. It stands out, a towering landmark, on the rolling prairies of the mid-west.

Seated in the handsomest gubernatorial room in the world, I met Governor Charles Bryan, brother of the late William Jennings Bryan. The furnishings and decorations are unsurpassed—say art lovers—and so say all who cross the threshold. The dome and ceiling is a superb tribute in highest art to the spirit of the Pioneer. It is doubtful if any royal palace has a room more magnificently furnished. Rich regal red curtains cover the wall. Drawn aside—a semblance of age is disclosed in plaster work newly done, so much so that one of the farmer friends recently informed the Governor confidentially, after pulling aside the curtains, "All I can say, Governor, it's a dam poor job of plastering."

The brother of the great Commoner works complacently amid these luxurious surroundings, but what would W. J. have said to his brother plodding away at the papers on his desk, with the same vigor and vitality as when he spread his books on a kitchen table years before when working his way through college concerning these outbursts of luxury.

Governor Bryan related the details of construction—as an Italian workman spent hour after hour chipping out an ear of some symbolic figure which would ordinarily have been unpleasantly distracting for work at his desk, but he was supremely happy in attending to his official duties in the midst of the workmen's noisy labors on this monument of Nebraska's greatness.

And well he might be! For day by day, before his eyes, has emerged unbelievable, manmade glory. The heroic proportions of the Governor's reception room are represented by a barrel vault twenty-six feet high, forty feet long and twenty-two feet wide. There are three penetrations in the vault. The room is naturally lighted on one side by three windows. The artificial electric effect is a great artistic triumph. At one end is a hooded fireplace extending to the ceiling. Mediaeval in character, it was considered by Mr. Goodhue as successful in proportion as any he had designed. In-

ization itself. No one who has the privilege of seeing the magnificent building can doubt that every artisan found in his or her allotted task a veritable labor of love.

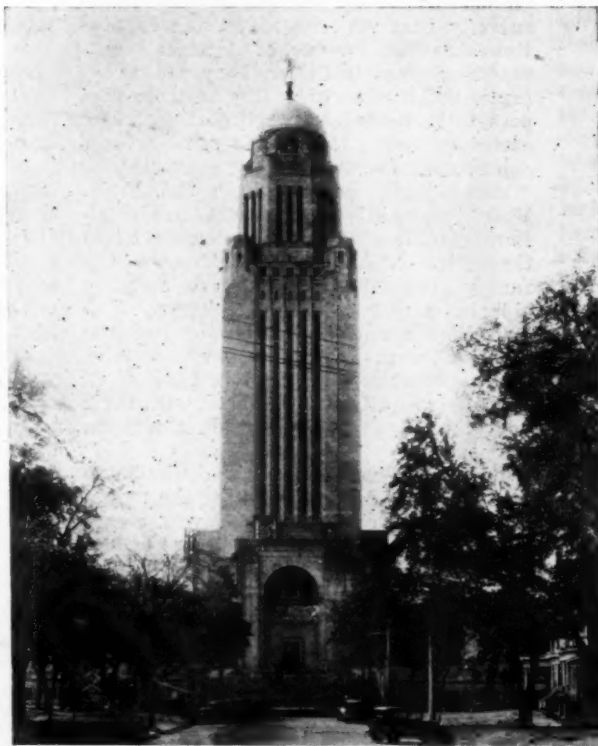
To best describe this great architectural work, one of the last achievements of the late Bertram Goodhue, a quotation says all: "It is gravely simple; its style is essentially its own . . . Furthermore, this building, original in design, essentially modern in spirit, is a notable work of collaboration." Mr. Goodhue was indeed happy in bringing together Lee Lawrie, sculptor, Augustus Vincent Tack, painter, and Hildreth Meiere, designer of tile and mosaic, a young woman from California, a state that has been enriched by an example of Mr. Goodhue's great genius in the Gillespie villa at Montecito. He earlier proved his independence of architectural precedent with notable success.

At the main entrance, against the great stone buttresses, have been carved huge figures of four buffaloes, that noble animal of America's plains now so nearly extinct. The base of Nebraska's imposing Capitol is two stories in height. There is a central tower 400 feet high topped by a semi-classical dome. Ground was broken for the building in 1922, and the year 1932 will see its completion. Reverting to the Governor's suite, whose beauty I shall never forget, I am reminded of castles and dreams when I think of the frontier city of a few decades since. There is a sentimental pride for me in this great capitol, for my friends among those associated with the name Nebraska, are many: Ambassador Dawes I know, General Pershing, Mr. Daniel R. Wing, President of the First National Bank of Boston, which he has made one of the great financial institutions of the world, and the Woods

family, father, brothers, nephews, all of whom have helped make the name of Lincoln, the city, famous.

When my father, a soldier of the Civil War, later went west, he filed on a quarter section of land that later became a part of the original townsite of Lincoln. Circumstances called him away to care for a stricken brother and he never returned. He traded his farm, now a part of the present townsite, for a saddle to carry the invalid back east.

The sturdy farm folk of Nebraska may disagree vigorously politically and on



The State Capitol at Lincoln, Nebraska

cidentally, anyone who has seen St. Thomas's Church on Fifth Avenue, New York, will realize that proportion was a marked detail of Mr. Goodhue's genius.

America may well be said now to have her own Taj Mahal as far as this building of breath-taking beauty is concerned. Someone said that it reminded him of a great golden ear of corn, and it is not only broadly symbolic, but almost every detail, whether of carvings or murals, suggests some worthy or thrilling phase of the great state it represents. Others indicate with great beauty the basic principles of civil-





Frank H. Woods

other subjects, but there has been an amazing unanimity concerning the work of the Capitol Commission ever since the project of the new capitol was launched. It was built around the old capitol with "business as usual" at the headquarters of the state governmental authority during its construction, and will continue on until completed next year. The long, impressive corridors give the imposing effect of the Capitol at Washington. The dome is the dominant feature, surmounted by the heroic statue of "The Sower" by Lee Lawrie, who was awarded the medal of honor by the American Institute of Architects.

\* \* \*

The names of each county are engraved on the frieze, and among them I noticed one called "Dawes." The virtues of citizenship are enhaled in pendentives expressing the virtues of hospitality, friendship, charity, honesty, solidarity, concord, labor and hope. The six medallions bear the names of Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin and Marshall. In the vaulted ceiling are the tributes to the four primitive elements, earth, air, fire and water, enclosed



First Plymouth Congregational Church, Lincoln, Neb.

in the circle which contains a square as a symbol of time and eternity.

Ceres and Vulcan play their part in this allegorical symphony of architecture, suggesting the sweeping immensity of the beginnings of the world. The majesty of the law is the chief theme of the sculptor who utilized history and allegory in the colossal figures of Wisdom, Justice, Power and Mercy. The progress of the human race from the time of Moses receiving the tablets of the law are presented with imposing pictorial suggestions of glorious Greece, regal Rome, and sovereign England. The history of the United States in this section is recalled with portraits of the Louisiana purchase, the Missouri compromise carried on to a climax indicating the admission of Nebraska to the Union in 1867 which was the first star added to the flag after the Civil War.

\* \* \*

The farm home of William Jennings Bryan is now a hospital. One could not visit Lincoln of today without hearing of what the Woods family have done for the city—a story in itself. They have been identified with the building of this beautiful city that with its many fine institutions has become one of America's outstanding municipalities. They are working with Lincoln citizenship as their purpose to keep the city worthy of its great cause and push forward to even greater achievements.

Along in the early eighties Col. F. M. Woods moved from Downers Grove, Illinois to Lincoln. A very common sight thereafter on Sunday afternoons was the family turn-out—driving horse and the old single seat "piano box" buggy. Colonel Woods and his wife occupied the seat each with a little girl on their laps, two boys sat at their feet in the bed of the buggy and two in the back with their feet dangling over, taking their afternoon outing.

The boys acquired their early business experience by doing chores for the neighbors—milking cows, mowing lawns, cleaning yards, etc. They dickered more or less in garden products. The oldest, Albert, is now head of the Bureau of Science, Department of Agriculture, at Washington. Frank H. is president of the Lincoln Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Addressograph Company and the O'Gara Coal Company.

Mark and George are president and vice president of Woods Brothers Corporation and its various subsidiary companies extensively engaged in river and harbor construction and industrial development. Mark is a director of the Central Trust Company of Chicago, now the Central Republic Bank & Trust Company, the third largest banking house in Chicago.

The completion of the First Congregational Church, counted one of



Mark W. Woods

the finest in the country, adds another imposing edifice to the capital city ensemble. It is more than that; it is an institution and has carried out the practical ideals combining utility and beauty that seem to be characteristic of everything that is being done in these days in the beautiful capital city of Nebraska.

In this church structure is a definite characterization of the beautiful city that is being established in the central part of the great Mid-West. It reflects the high mark of community as well as church spirit in attracting and holding the interest of youth in institutions that mark the high standard of citizenship.

The new chimes in the Plymouth Church which is suggestive of the famous Bok carillon in Florida ring out a message of hope and cheer to those who reap and sow in Nebraska. The church overlooks a scene of pastoral beauty adorned with



George J. Woods





The Magna Charta



Group of Children—The Dignity of Marriage. Painting by Jack



Drafting the Constitution

foliage and dotted with farm homes that bespeak the sturdy spirit of the Nebraskan in song and story.

When J. Sterling Morton moved to Nebraska from the pine woods and timber of Michigan, where he was engaged many years in the lumber business, he was overwhelmed with loneliness for trees. The great sea of prairie green was attractive, but there was something lacking. The leafy arms in prayer were needed to complete his vision of the future. A sea of rolling verdure, dotted with islands of foliage, was missing. Then began a vigorous tree-planting campaign all over the state, many of these from seeds and cuttings brought from the old homes to a large extent. This initiated the "forest planting" habit that has given inhabitants of the state the sobriquet of "tree planters." In fact a holiday with impressive ceremonies was added to the national calendar. Later the Park Board of Detroit, Michigan, where Mr. Morton lived, requiring trees for a boulevard, sent on to Nebraska to obtain cuttings and shrubs. After many years, the trees of Michigan were transplanted from Nebraska and returned a thousand fold. It is said that the state song of Nebraska is suggested in Joyce Kilmer's immortal tribute to trees.

The observation of Arbor Day in the United States originated in Nebraska. The farmers on the prairies appreciate the shade and beauty of trees. This may be the reason why the Nebraskans are called "tree planters," with a colloquial nickname of "corn huskers," which is the name of one of the superb hotels in the mid west.

A view from the dome of the Capitol is inspiring, showing the rolling, undulating prairie realm, dotted here and there with islands of trees, diagramed with smiling fields of growing grain. In the cluster of trees are nestled the farm homes which form the bulwark of Nebraska's towering self-reliance, a state that "pays as it goes," even in building its monumental capitol. Without one dollar of state indebtedness, bonded or otherwise, the state has invested millions in the state capitol without even the suggestion of a mortgage for future generations to pay.

Over the great area designated in the geographies of seventy-five years as "the great plains," described by Daniel Webster as a waste and desert, now reveals that the vision and prophecy of that great statesman was somewhat awry. The traveler to the Nebraska of today looks upon scenes of progress and prosperity, culture and cultivation of the lands, typical of the great mid-west valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri that have been heralded by some of the enthusiastic native sons as the original location of the Garden of Eden.

A recent article in "Fortune" together with architects in general comment enthusiastically upon the capitol at Lincoln.

Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of "Review of Reviews," visited Lincoln a few years ago to deliver a baccalaureate address at the commencement exercises of the University of Nebraska. He wrote an article on Lincoln

following his visit. Among others he made this comment which seems as a fitting climax:

"At Lincoln one finds all the central activities of a vast agricultural commonwealth, a State University, an Agricultural College, three denominational colleges, a beautifully boulevarded city near-

he launched into the legitimate show business vigorously, taking over the Oliver Theatre. Later his company controlled a chain of twenty-five houses in Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas. While manager of his theatre, he secured the best attractions for his home town of Lincoln. They included Maude Adams, Walter Whiteside, Richard

Lincoln on the mid-western theatrical map.

After the World War he disposed of his theatre interests and was elected president of the Western League Baseball Circuit, which included Omaha, Lincoln, Denver, Des Moines, Wichita, Joplin, St. Joe and Topeka. For two seasons he remained the czar of baseball in this part of the country.



"The Cornhusker" Hotel

ing a hundred thousand people, new hotels of the most approved types, magnificent public schools, and a local life at once simple, charming and refined, that is as typical of America at its best as anything between the two oceans."

The story of the City of Lincoln of today would not be complete without reference to Mayor Frank C. Zerhung. Five times he has been elected mayor of the city named for Abraham Lincoln. His genial personality and capability are typical of the citizenship of the capital city of Nebraska. For fifty-seven years he has lived within the city limits and understands the folks of his home town. Born in Blair, Nebraska, he came to Lincoln as a country lad filled with the "Green Grass" philosophy, a true "tree-



F. C. Zerhung, Mayor of Lincoln

planter." As the son of a druggist, he had the ambition to own a corner drugstore in a big city—and he owned one. Compelled to take over a theatre in order to provide extra room for his drugstore, he incidentally and actually became manager of the Funk Theatre. It was not long before he was recognized as one of the outstanding theatre managers in the west. Once it was decided that he was to own an opera house

Mansfield, Ed Wynn, Lenore Ulric, with Houdini and Herman as good measure for magic. He always considered his theatre as good advertising for the town. Through the many high-class attractions he brought to Lincoln many people from all parts of the surrounding country looked upon Zerhung as a real impressario. Enjoying a large personal acquaintance with all the eminent stage people of the country he kept



Mural painting for ceiling vault, Governor's Reception Room, showing "Ceres," "Quest of Life," "The Tree of Life," with, above, a portion of circular center motif in Grisaille—Primitive elements



Panel in Grisaille—Quest of Life. Painting by Augustus Jack



Panel in Grisaille—Fortune. Painting by Augustus Jack

He has been president of the Rotary Club and various civic organizations and has had all sorts of honors thrust upon him. Consequently, his re-election for the fifth time as mayor is a matter of habit in Lincoln. It was not only a tribute to the man, but it reflected the good judgment of the voters of a mid-west city that enjoys distinction as a cultural and busy commercial center as well as the seat of state government.



# Hamilton Fish, Jr. on the Soviet Menace

*Gathering facts he hammers away without fear and makes his appeal for Americanism vs. Communism and reveals the work of the political poison peddlers that are still boring in to destroy representative republics and private property.*

THESE is a refreshing vitality in the campaign which Congressman Hamilton Fish, Jr. has been making against the insidious attacks of Russian Communism, known as the International, upon American institutions.

Born at Garrison-on-the-Hudson, in sight of West Point, may have had something to do with the very positive militant spirit in which he has met the issue.

Soon after graduating at Harvard with a degree *cum laude*, where he served as captain of the football team, young Hamilton Fish was elected to the New York Assembly. His aptitude in legislative work was soon apparent and it was early prophesied that the grandson of a distinguished Secretary of State in President Grant's Cabinet would some day be chosen congressman from the district which included his own native county of Putnam.

In the meantime, on the outbreak of the World War, he was commissioned captain in the 369th Regiment of Infantry, composed of colored volunteers largely from New York City. He took an active part in the Defensive Battle of July 15, 1918 and in the General Offensive of that year and won the decoration of Croix de Guerre in connection with the capture of the village of Scheult. Later he served with the rank of major on the staff of the Fourth Division in the Army of Occupation near Coblentz, Germany.

After the war he graduated from the Army General Staff College and rounded out a comprehensive and distinguished war service which gave him an appreciation of how peace could be maintained by the ever-watchful vigilance that goes with being prepared and ability to maintain our position gained in the progress of civilization.

Elected in 1920 to fill a vacancy in the Sixty-fifth Congress, he has been successively re-elected six times. With twelve busy years to his credit as a national legislator, Hamilton Fish, Jr. has become one of the outstanding leaders of his party in Congress.

He was given a place on the Foreign Affairs Committee and has continued on that Committee, until now he is the ranking Republican member, coming next to the veteran and distinguished Chairman Dr. Temple of Pennsylvania.

For some years he has made a special study of International Communism in the United States. Relentlessly searching for facts with the thoroughness characteristic of his training in military and public life, he was prepared to open an effective crusade against a dangerous enemy of the country.

A radio address on Communism with recommendations of the House Committee was delivered over the National Broadcasting system in March, 1931. It was printed in the Congressional Record, and was distributed, "Not at government expense," but in the interest of every individual American. The perils of the situation stirred the country to action and evidence accumulated since that time indicated that he was not an alarmist.

Appearing before many patriotic societies and civic organizations of all kinds, Representative Fish has been nothing short of a crusader concerning a cause as well as a situation which he has long studied and upon which he has definite convictions. His stirring appeals have thrilled many audiences, who, through the masterful way in which he presents his sledgehammer blows, have been awakened to the perils of the hour. Recent events have more than confirmed the prophecies made by Mr. Fish in the early days of his investigations.

A tall, commanding figure, with an earnestness that drives home his message, Congressman Fish has been by far and large the top-liner attraction on the platform during the summer months when the hard-headed and clear-thinking Americans are considering things "together" as Seth Parker says, that have to do with maintaining the heritage of individual freedom and a representative form of government.

Although he represents a district adjoining the city of New York, the metropolis of the

country, there are few members of Congress who have more completely won the confidence of the stout-hearted loyal farmers in rural districts and the working men in the industrial centers. In this work he truly typifies the red-blooded, alert American leader who courageously meets the challenge of Communism from Soviet Russia and is ready to battle with Bolshevism in the open forum of discussions, with the grim determination of arousing people to the appalling dangers that threaten, if something is not done to check the nefarious plots in free America but more particularly has he repeatedly pointed out the



Hon. Hamilton Fish, Jr.



dangers that would ensue to civilization if communism spreads into Germany, China or India.

The insidious attacks upon American institutions have been exposed in a fearless manner by the young Congressman from New York—a dauntless champion for the rights of individuals against the onslaughts of the deadening and malevolent propaganda of Communism which the poor and half-starved working people of Russia have been ruthlessly compelled to support.

On the walls of his office overlooking the harbor in New York City, I found many rare old colored prints of scenes in and about his birthplace at Garrison-on-the-Hudson. While the surroundings were attuned to the rapid pace of affairs in the metropolis, there was a refreshing atmosphere of quietude. At his desk, facing an array of papers and documents, Hamilton Fish, Jr. was preparing another offensive on communism based upon facts. He is no alarmist or propagandist and is only interested in submitting the facts to the American people so that they may form their own opinions and act accordingly. As an old football player he believes that the best defense is a strong offense. The stalwart form of the descendant of a grandfather and father who served as congressmen indicated a physical as well as mental prowess. His great-great-grandfather, Colonel Nicholas Fish, was an intimate friend and an executor of Alexander Hamilton, and was also an intimate friend of General Lafayette. The name of Hamilton entered into the nomenclature of the Fish family at that time. Today three of the family are living bearing the name Hamilton Fish—viz Hamilton Fish former member of Congress, his

son Hamilton Fish, Jr., the present congressman, and his young son Hamilton Fish, III.

While Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr. was busy answering the phone, echoing many requests from constituents and invitations to speak and dine, he pointed to a box of old letters. Imagine my thrill when I picked up a letter written by Lafayette in 1828, which refers to the comradeship of the days of the Revolution with Nicholas Fish.

La Grange, December 8, 1828.

"My dear Friend:

"It is a long while since I had the pleasure to hear from you and the dear family; my letters by the Donquixote are not yet arrived, perhaps I may receive your communications today or tomorrow, in the mean while I write these lines by young Mr. Viton, friend of some of my friends, who is gone to New York with Mr. Hunter, whose children have remained under the care of the respectable family of de L. They have requested some letters of introduction and while I do gratify them I shall have the personal gratification of remembering myself to all of you, dear friends.

"Here is another loss among our Revolutionary Brothers in Arms. The Excellent Thomas Pinckney has joined the far greater part of us who have left this world. I am doubly grieved to hear my dear intimate friend Mr. Monroe had a dangerous fall from his horse, and finds himself in pecuniary circumstances still more deplorable than I had apprehended. Latter accounts of the fall I wait with great anxiety; on the other point what can be done? I am sure you are ready to promote everything that could procure his relief. To be instrumental in such a patriotic action would also be to me a real relief, the more so when I compare what has been done for me with what has not been done for him. Adieu, my dear Fish, remember me most affectionately to every one in the family. Dr. Winthrop is in Italy; I am going to write him altho' I don't positively know where to direct my letter. The inhabitants of La Grange beg to be particularly remembered and I am with all my heart,

Your friend,  
Lafayette."

Laying the letter reverently aside, I felt that I had been in touch with the stirring spirit of revolutionary days. Near at hand was another group of documents which stood out as if in contrast. The bundle contained copies of the cipher or code messages sent by the Amtorg Russia Trading Company, New York, which have never been decoded or translated. I asked permission to republish one in the hope that someone would be able to tell us something about what is being communicated so secretly by Russian agents from America. It will be noticed that every word consists of ten letters which is the limitation count of letters for a single word by cable.

NXH52 49 Cable—AMTORG TRADING CORP. SPECL ACCT.—NXH NEW YORK 1 522P

SOJUSNARKOMTORG  
MOSCOW

NINYPUKOTA SOFUDUGUFE ROHIFI-MIXE BELEXEKUBY HULICEDIZU PO-KYRUGIKE XAMIVIKOMI XULIRIBYZA MAKEXOGAPI BUPUDECYDE HANO-NONEME FYRIDUZAGO KICYNOGLOFA NEPEKXEMU ZEKUGIKYKA TEROF-EDAVU FYDYHATEDU POCALUGICE LELUBOPAKA TEKEGAKUCY DUGU-GIMOCA ZOKAKELAFI PECODOBESU BUKOZUHYXI CUDIRUGAPO NEKUG-EZUGY LURAPANEMU SIGUSEHENE BEHOXAPASI RILOTUPATA XOMYG-AGIXU ZUDYFATEXI PEGONELASO CEVENIVYNO NUGOFAXEGY HOGA-ZIFALY HEZONAXYNA GOVYPADAGU DOPEGELAPO FELIHILLO KACINERYMY KELUXYGIVY CIFMYCIVO LOC-EZGYSO RUNYT 2000 B OGDANOV.

In the report of the Investigation of Communist Propaganda in the House of Representatives, Mr. Fish submitted an exhaustive document which covers every phase of the subject concerning all the facts that could be obtained. The report to the Seventy-First Congress made a profound sensation at the time published, as it was the first document containing any detailed information concerning Bolshevik propaganda. The closing paragraph of Chairman Fish's report is significant:

"It is self-evident that the communists and their sympathizers have only one real object in view, not to obtain control of the Government of the United States through peaceful and legal political methods as a political party, but to establish by force and violence in the United States and in all other nations of a 'soviet socialist republic.' These facts have been repeatedly substantiated at the hearings of the committee."

This official report is the text from which many addresses by Congressman Fish have been delivered. One of the most notable was that given before the Knights of Columbus in Charlestown, Mass. on the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill June 17, 1931. It seemed to foreshadow the action of President Hoover on June 20th when the epochal "Hoover Moratorium" plan was announced. This evidenced a full appreciation of the serious situation which Mr. Fish had described as existing for many months and fulfilled his prophecy as to the sinister termination of the Soviet Government:

"At no time since the foundation of our Republic and not in five hundred years has Christian civilization been so threatened as it is today by the menace arising out of Soviet Russia dedicated to the overthrow of existing governments and Christian beliefs and ideals.

"There is a vast distinction and difference between the Communism of the early Christians and the Communism of Soviet Russia. One is a communism of love based upon the Kingdom of God, and the other a communism of hatred built on hatred and desecration of all religious beliefs; Catholic, Protestant, Greek Orthodox, Jewish and Moslem. I am thoroughly disgusted with a



Hamilton Fish, Sr., Hamilton Fish, Jr. and Hamilton Fish III.

handful of Protestant clergymen who uphold the Soviets and compromise with their open attack on God and all religious beliefs. I hold no particular brief for the different creeds, articles of faith and religious denominations in the United States, but I do believe that religion is the greatest moral force in the world and if it is wiped out as Soviet Russia proposes that civilization would be destroyed or sink back two thousand years into barbarism or paganism.

"Civilization is confronted with the solutions of economic problems far more serious than at any time since we obtained our independence as a nation. I wholeheartedly commend the declaration of the Pope in behalf of social and industrial justice and in favor of a more equitable distribution of wealth. If our country is worth dying for in time of war, it must be worth living for in time of peace. It is our duty to see that industrial justice and human rights prevail in the United States and follow the flag.

"The young German Republic is sitting on a volcano that may erupt into a Communist revolution at any time that would shake the world. Germany is seething with revolution both from the Communists and Fascists.

"The Communists and extreme Nationalists like hungry wolves ready to tear each other's throats, are stalking on the flanks of the young German Republic, but even more ready to pull it down and rend it limb from limb at the first opportunity.

"There are fifteen million Communists in Germany, or one-fourth of the population, and any time Soviet Russia wants to she can issue her orders and set Central Europe on fire with war and internal revolutions supported by a well-drilled and equipped Red Soviet Army of a million men.

"It is to be hoped that under the patriotic guidance of President Von Hindenberg and the wise leadership of Chancellor Bruening, one of the outstanding statesmen in Europe, and a member of the Catholic or Center Party, that the German Republic will weather the storm and overcome the present desperate conditions and solve her industrial and political problems.

"It must be self-evident that Germany needs immediate help from the United States, Great Britain and France. We must not delay on account of wartime hysteria as modern civilization would be immediately threatened if the German people are driven through desperation into the hands of Soviet Russia."

The closing peroration of this historic speech has the ring of eloquence that stirred the revolutionary forebears of Hamilton Fish, Jr. during the struggle with the alien army around the ancestral home on Long Island, and in the field with Washington and his Continentals.

"If the alien Communists who come here of their own free will and accord to enjoy the equal opportunities afforded in the United States and the protection of our laws, do not like our free institutions, our ways of doing things or our country, let them go back home where they can enjoy the oppressive laws, the lack of freedom of speech and the miserable wage scale that

they have been accustomed to in the past. But if they insist on remaining here and spreading their doctrine of hatred against our ideals and traditions and urge the overthrow of our Republican form of government by force and violence, then it is the duty of the Congress of the United States to enact laws to deport all alien Communists.

"We have tolerated and compromised with their revolutionary and criminal activities already far too long.

"These alien Communists do not fear our police, our courts or our jails, the only thing they fear is deportation back to their native land."

Aside from his public addresses, Mr. Fish has written many magazine articles and given out much important information to the press. He has answered most emphatically the query as to why the United States cannot recognize Soviet Russia.

"The United States has very properly not recognized Soviet Russia, nor will it do so as long as the Communist International—the creature of Lenin—with its headquarters at Moscow, continues to send its revolutionary agents into this country to sow the seeds of class hatred, atheism and world revolution.

"There can be no possible basis of compromise between our Republican form of government and communism. There is an irrepressible conflict between Americanism and Communism. No communist can be a loyal American citizen. He cannot give allegiance to the red flag and to the American flag at the same time. Communism seeks to destroy American democracy and substitute a revolutionary dictatorship based on fear and violence in its place.

"The great outcry of the communist is directed against what they term our capitalistic government, but what is really meant is the right guaranteed to American citizens by the Constitution to acquire and own private property. It is one of our most cherished rights and the palladium of our liberties. Deprive the American people of the right to own their homes, their lands, and other private property and you immediately destroy the incentive that has caused the wonderful development in the United States during the last 150 years. The tremendous increase in wealth and population in the United States calls for the enactment of legislation to promote social and industrial justice. If this country is worth dying for in time of war, it must be worth living for in time of peace."

It may startle the lackadaisical and uninformed Americans to realize that the Department of Justice can at this time take no legal action against Communism or Sovietism in the United States. They can only act after the crime has been committed. There are no agencies provided for preventing trouble; no machinery of the Government available now for protection against this subtle invasion. This cannot continue for long, as Congress will take early action to protect its citizenship from the bold and flagrant assaults conducted by foreign organizations now going on in the United States.

Ever since his first term in Congress, Mr. Fish has been able to secure legisla-

tion of paramount importance. It was his bill that provided for the return and burial of the Unknown Soldier in the National Cemetery at Arlington, the last bill signed by the late President Woodrow Wilson on March 4th, 1921. He was also the author of the bill placing the American Government on record as approving the establishment of a Homeland for the Jews in Palestine in accordance with the hopes and aspirations of the Zionists throughout the world. The activities of Mr. Fish on behalf of the colored people are well known both in the north and south. He believes in extending a helpful hand to the 12,000,000 American negroes who have been loyal to our free institutions and to the government in peace and in war in spite of discriminations and inequalities. It was his grandfather, Hamilton Fish, who as Secretary of State, signed the Fifteenth Amendment, giving them the right of citizenship.

It was not surprising on account of his public record and service in Congress that Hamilton Fish, Jr. had a majority of twenty thousand in his district last year which was carried for the Democratic candidate for Governor, Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt by four thousand, indicating that Major Fish represents an Americanism that impels even the leaders of the opposing party to support. That is why it is felt that when he wants to make the race for governor of the Empire State he is assured of election, standing squarely on his records of achievement. He does not seem to desire to leave his work in the House of Representatives even for a seat in the Senate, as he is attached to his own Congressional District where he says "the people are so good to me that I am in no hurry to make any change."

An important factor in the politics of the state, Hamilton Fish, Jr. does not feel like assuming a leadership that would interfere with his greater work of combating Communist propaganda. It has been so effectively felt in Russia, that his name is coupled with Winston Churchill of England and Poincare of France as the outstanding enemies of communism and the Soviet propaganda bureau works overtime writing plays and motion pictures anathemizing the name of Hamilton Fish as the "Big Red American Devil". He is as well hated in Russia as he is well thought of in the United States.

If Communism continues to be so prominent and important as an issue there are many leaders who believe that Hamilton Fish, Jr., should be selected as the nominee for Vice-President on the Republican ticket, but it is probable that he would not entertain the suggestion with any degree of enthusiasm. He would however bring the strength and vigor of youth and a vote-getting leadership popularity in New York State that would be exceedingly helpful as a running mate for Mr. Hoover in 1932. His support is not limited to the boundaries of New York State but wherever there are veterans, colored voters, Zionists or people of German origin. Representative Fish was the author of a bill authorizing ten millions of dollars to buy foodstuffs for the starving



German women and children in 1922 which passed the House of Representatives.

The noteworthy and oft-quoted preamble to the Constitution of the American Legion, counted a model declaration of patriotic principles, was written by a subcommittee of three Legionnaires of which Major Fish was the chairman at the St. Louis Convention held in May, 1919. The report was accepted without even the suggestion of amendment or alteration. It was written much in the atmosphere in which the Declaration of Independence was drawn. Representatives of the great American army of the World War were there seeking to give expression to declarations that would carry on and sustain the principles for which they had fought on bloody battlefields, ready and willing to pay the supreme sacrifice. This preamble was quoted with interesting comments by President Hoover in his address to the delegates to the Legion Convention at Boston in 1930, but the President was in error in assuming that the preamble was written in Paris.

It is at least consoling to the average red-blooded American to know that there are public leaders such as Hamilton Fish, Jr. who are concentrating their energies with that eternal vigilance that has ever been the price of liberty "to have and to hold"—those inalienable and priceless rights known to the world as American citizenship. Ready to defend their individual rights to the uttermost and continue to give to the world an ideal worthy of emulation is now the alert purpose of hundreds of civic organizations in these hours of awakening.

Mr. Fish emphasized that he was friendly towards the alien who wanted to become a good American citizen and pointed out that he had introduced a bill making possible the return from Italy after the Armistice of those veterans of Italian origin who served in our armed forces during the war. Last summer the Greek veterans offered him a free trip to Greece because he was the author of the resolution extending the congratulations of Congress on the one hundredth anniversary of Greek independence.

With the organization of the Seventy-Second Congress it does not much matter with Hamilton Fish, Jr. which party controls, for his services on the Foreign Relations Committee are indispensable to whatever party may represent a majority vote on roll call. In the closing days of the last Congress a bill introduced by Mr. Fish providing for the deportation of alien violators of the Harrison Narcotic Act was passed. It is estimated that over 500 alien narcotic peddlers will be deported annually under the provision of this bill instead of being sent at government expense to Federal Penitentiaries. This is the only deportation bill that has passed the Congress and been signed by the President in the last five years.

In the meantime Hamilton Fish is kept busy with his full-rounded responsibilities as a congressman from the Empire State, and intent on the work in hand with which he has been so widely identified. It is planned to have a volume containing his

various speeches published which would cover every aspect of "What Price Soviet Relations?"

Visiting Russia in 1923, following up the tour he made previously Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton Fish of the Officers' Reserve was enabled at that time, before his activities were too widely known in Russia, to obtain at first hand, many facts that have made his battle with Communism so telling. The "G-2" of the U. S. A. was then an effective branch of the Army service, but at present can not be utilized.

The form of representative government and the republic founded in the United States have been followed not only in the countries of South America, but in Europe. If our form of government is so reprehensible, why is it that it is the one plan which the people in their struggles for liberty see as a hopeful basis of human rights in government?

The history of the world in the past decade following the World War reveals the creation of many new republics in the establishment of a democracy—Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Spain and most of the other countries of Europe—all are conclusive evidence of the enduring qualities of representative government. Even the U. S. S. R. in Russia itself had its greatest impetus in the fact that the United States of America had established certain principles of government, tried and tested, which they attempt to imitate, forgetting that the soul of a representative republic reflecting the highest ideals of democracy is to the last degree dependent upon the individualism, that is involved in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

From a personal angle it is interesting to note that both the father and father-in-law of Hamilton Fish, Jr. were speakers of the New York State Legislature. His father, Hamilton Fish, served as a Republican from 1895-96; he also headed the sub-treasury in New York for four years from 1902 and was elected member of the United States House of Representatives; his father-in-law, Hon. Alfred C. Chapin also served as presiding officer of the lower house of the Legislature of New York in 1908. He was also Mayor of Brooklyn, State Comptroller and Member of Congress.

These excerpts from his speech delivered on Independence Day of this year in New York are worthy of careful reading:

"When the Declaration of Independence was written by Thomas Jefferson there were few, if any, Republics in the world. Rule by the divine right of Kings was the accepted form of government. A representative system of government, based on the consent of the governed, was a new departure and regarded as Revolutionary. Even when Lincoln made his immortal Gettysburg Speech, that a Government of the People, by the People and for the People shall not perish from this earth, there were still few Republics in the world. Since then Monarchies have been toppling over right and left, and Republics have come into being based on our principles of government.

"Nevertheless, Communists, Socialists,

Pink. Intellectuals, radical college professors and a smattering of Protestant ministers have combined to denounce our economic system as being antiquated and loaded down with abuses and evils, and that our government is corrupt and democracy a failure. These visionaries without any experience in business or government, find everything wrong in America and everything beautiful in Soviet Russia or in some form of temporary foreign dictatorship.

"Let us have faith in the capacity, intelligence and patriotism of the American people and our government to solve all our political and economic problems without recourse to Communism, Socialism or Fascism. For the past fifty years our State Legislature, and the Congress have been correcting abuses that have crept into our economic system by enactment of laws governing the conditions and hours of labor, passing employers liability laws, and now providing Old Age Pensions. The answer to the barrage of denunciation from Communists and Pink intellectuals is that our wage-earners for the past fifty years have been the best paid, the best clothed, best fed and best housed and the most contented on the earth. If we were to let down the Immigration barrier, ten million foreigners would fall over each other to get into the United States. If Russia should permit her terrorized people to get out, half the population would leave Soviet Russia in sixty days.

"Let us rededicate ourselves to the proposition that a Government of the People, by the People and for the People shall not perish from this earth. Let us re-affirm our belief in our Republican form of Government, because it is the soundest, fairest, most honorable and best form of government ever devised by the mind of man. Let us cherish it and defend it against all of our enemies both from within and without and serve notice that we do not propose to substitute Communism, Socialism or Fascism or any other temporary dictatorship for our Republican form of government which is the best on earth."

I asked Congressman Fish if he ever had a publicity agent and why he did not have one as most of the big political shots go in for it strong. He replied, "I am not adverse to honest publicity and am willing at all times to give the boys (reporters) all the facts in my possession. However, I do not propose to buy publicity or be responsible for what a paid Publicity Agents feeds out to the Press and the public.

"I am willing to take my chances on tireless capacity and ability of the news reporter without thrusting information down their throats. They generally get what is important and what is not important is not worth while."

Mr. Fish however, makes no attempt to hide his light under a cloak of modesty but so concentrates on his own work that the political angles of publicity slide even unknown to himself. The author believes and was so informed recently in Washington that Representative Fish is, in view of his actual achievements and political record the least politically exploited of all the men in public life who are nationally and internationally known.



# Advertising Men in Convention Assembled

*An afterglow of a notable convention in New York where prominent speakers spoke plain words and started the old ball of Prosperity rolling that is always associated with a return of "Good Times"*

TALK about your cheery O. K.'s in these piping times, "li'l ol' New York" had a thrill in the Junetime, A. D. 1931. The Advertising Federation of America "conventionized" in the metropolis. Advertising hosts from far and near gathered to catch a glimpse of the dawn of the good times coming, and how! Nearly every state was represented, and Broadway became Main Street for this week of badge-bearing freedom of the city.

Delegations came from the various cities carrying with them the spirit of the class reunions. The all-embracing spirit of the alumni prevailed if you could prove that you had paid poll tax in the city under whose banner you marched.

As usual, Boston was represented in a distinctively cultured manner. Under the leadership of Colonel Carroll J. Swan, who is not only a World War hero, but an impressario whose every act and action leads on to jollity and merriment of "all present", individually and collectively, the delegation set sail on the good ship "New York" of the Eastern Steamship Company on excursion-rate tickets.

The "Wild Indians" who in history dumped the tea into historic Boston Harbor, were reincarnated by delegates who embarked for New York. Enlivening the environment during the trip down the harbor, the City fire tug fleet convoyed the dry ship sailing under the American flag, with a myriad of hydrants sending out wet streams of water like gigantic floating fountains. Some keen observers insisted that water was pouring out of the fiery funnels.

From the Boston airport, off shore, came a squadron of airplanes in prismatic lines, red devils, yellow Satans and blue beetles, doing stunts that fairly took the "breath" of the bowsman aloft. The planes essayed to flit between the funnels of the vessel and crossed the bow defiant of all rules of navigation, aerial or nautical.

Lighthouses nestling in islands of green clustering about the famous airport of Boston made a scene that thrilled even the hard-boiled commuter on the New York boat. Once outside, the good craft began to roll and "green lights" appeared along the corridors leading from the dining room. The swell was the hangover of a succession of "northeasters".

At the entrance of Cape Cod Canal, the residents of the Cape had turned out en masse to give greeting to the happy voyagers, headed by the captain of the Canal—Captain Colburn, who turned on the red lights and tipped the bridges in salute. The supply of multi-colored balloons aboard

made the ship look like a floating "Show-boat". The supply had been delivered "full-blown" for it was discovered that there was not "breath" enough in the entire delegation to inflate the one thousand and one circus spheres. Released freely en route, thrifty Cape Codders gayly gathered their Fourth of July supply. Redfire burned furiously as the boat whistled for the bridges. Amid a chorus of automobile honks from cars which lined the shores, the good ship glided through the swirling waters. Placid sailing encouraged those who had "gone below" to test again the ferry-boat steadiness of the ship.

Came the festivities of the evening, as Colonel Swan marshalled recruits for an impromptu "minstrel show". Troubadours volunteered in troops, the piano player did his best, and the aggregation tuned up for a show that created more spontaneous laughter than Primrose and West in the days of their prime.

Once the "gentlemen were seated", it required only the suspicion of a live joke to bring them to their feet applauding themselves, for they had all attended the seven o'clock devotions—the daily performance of "Amos 'n' Andy."

Skits followed in swift succession, covering plaintive love songs and ditties and a bout between "Spike" Chapple of South Boston and "Sandy" George Coleman of Chelsea. Fast and furious motions, each

swing of the sturdy right or lifting left followed with a foot movement attuned to "Turkey in the Straw"—like a Dempsey. Impressive tableaux followed, giving historical glimpses of, "Crossington Washing the Delaware" and "Napoleon Crossing His Legs" on to "Ajax Discovering Lightning." Two of the delegation were rouged with burnt cork in the ship's beauty parlor by Madam Queen, and alleged themselves as "Amos 'n' Andy in person. Choruses were spirited, revealing a variety of tone that is not entirely covered by the chromatic scale. The bass was lost in the "Cradle of the Deep" but the silver-voiced tenor piped all on deck, while the trombone blast of baritone responded in volley after volley of "Trumpeters".

Remaining cool under fire during the hostilities, Colonel Swan rallied the wavering "lines" many times by prompting and avoided use of the matured tomatoes and added eggs supplied the auditors for a gas attack. The Chocolate Soldier "hero" chorus was used as a serenade. The rhythm of the semi-circle of brave troubadours in the movement of their swaying limbs, graceful hand upon hip, would have made a Floradora chorus envious. Participants in the impromptu "show," foregathered in the Smoking Room after the final exit, and voted unanimously that it was a dam good show, even if Dr. Coleman did forget his lines, providing a suggestion of real humor.



A corner of the N. Y. Advertising Club Library

The alibi was that he had been "over-trained" in rehearsals.

"The morning after" as they say in the movies, the sun arose athwart the horizon on East River and the boat was "docked" at daylight time. After giving the alarm the troubadours and all others were awakened to greet the Reception Committee con-



Kenneth Collins

sisting of President Gilbert T. Hodges of Clubs, President Charles Murphy of the New York Advertising Club, Earle Pearson, General Manager, and other hospitable souls who had awakened at the milking hour on the old farm to carry the keys of the city as directed by Receptionaire Grover Whalen. After breaking bread and a few eggs for breakfast, the valiant Pilgrims rallied for a free bus ride, with baggage enough to indicate that the party had "come to stay a while". Escorted by a gallant traffic cop, who had served in the trenches overseas and been in five battles without a scratch, and said he returned to be shot three times in New York—look out!

The morning bus cavalcade awakened the Greenwich Villagers, retiring for the day. Red Lights were defied, and in passing each passenger saluted with thumb to the nose, as the motor cyclists shrieked the horn to "Come Along." A safe landing was made on the port side of Hotel Pennsylvania where the party enlisted for a real "week of it".

From every point of the compass came the delegates, from far and near, greeted by representatives of their home state now living in New York, the only city that still has a "5c. car fare".

Along came Des Moines, Iowa with its baseball number of nine delegates, singing "That's where the tall corn grows", and Cincinnati with a royal "Prince of Pilsen" salutation "Have you ever been in Cincinnati?", under the directorship of Manual Rosenberg, the artist who attracted all the belles by drawing their pictures "on the spot".

The Detroit countersign was a chorus of honks indicating that the automobile is still

in the market. Henry Ford, they explained, was detained by the Rogue River overflowing its banks, which disempowered the gasoline appropriated for the tour. Then came the orange blossom delegates from Florida and the Kansas sunflowers in blended yellow tints; Texas with blue bonnets and Ohio with carnations, making up the floral brigade, saying it with flowers. The city named for Abraham Lincoln in Nebraska had a live delegation ready to symbolize "The Sower" in their faith of what advertising will do. Davenport, Iowa delegates were on deck, ready to spell Mississippi backwards.

Representation of the "Rip Van Winkles" who had returned to the roster rolls after "20 years ago Tom" constituted a convention group that suggested a Grand Army Camp Fire. They did not inquire "How are your children?" but "How are your grandchildren?", telling the younger delegates "If only we could turn back time in its flight. . . ." This was sung by Sam Dobbs, George Hopkins, Henry Woodbridge, and Pop Freeman et al. "Yes" replied young "O. K."—"You old devils have had your twenty years, but we don't know for sure that we'll have twenty on our score card."

It seems as if everyone was "in town" this week. I was standing on the street corner of Broadway and Thirty-Fourth Street, having my shoes blacked, and I met acquaintances from fifteen different cities in as many minutes. There was something in the smiling "Hello" that was cheering. The "fish-eye stare" among strangers was missing. It didn't require a badge to identify a delegate to the Advertising Convention—his face beamed it—his walk had the elastic spring of vacation days. The ladies began their tour of window-gazing, discovering bargains emblazoned in every show window.

The Advertising cohorts brought with them a tidal wave of hopefulness that had proved an effective pulmotor in reviving the helpless and encouraging the hopeless in the run of pessimistic "measles". Note the rising stock market since the convention.

The arrangement of details for the Convention was a 1931 model. Everything ran along without the need of "shock absorbers". With meetings, and board and lodging scheduled under the spacious roof of Hotel Pennsylvania, the convention had the get-together family spirit from the start.

Afternoon tea at the Advertising Club, New York, indicated good receptivity and impressed the "visiting firemen" that New York was after all like the home town. The Old Guard of the Club assembled early and pledged their welcome in a Volstead product.

The opening musicale made one feel that the grand old institution known as "a concert" is still in vogue. Announced by the genial Joe Bolton, the program proceeded with the good music that goes with a good time. The famous International Quartet, familiar on the radio, appeared in person and sang with a vigor and sense of personal pleasure which the audience heartily appreciated. Mr. John F. Royal, the impressario of the National Broadcasting

Company, was responsible for many of the superlative numbers on the program. An attentive listener from the rear, he could forecast encores. In addition to the quartet he provided Duke Karokli, one of his proteges when Royal was a Keith manager. As the young Hungarian stepped out, he whispered to me, "Watch him knock 'em out with that violin" and he knew what he was talking about. The encores were heartily given. Then appeared Madame Kathleen Field of the Columbia Broadcasting System, who began her career as a violinist with Mr. Royal at Keith's in Cleveland. After her superb arias which she sang with entrancing trills she sang a duet with Charles Carlisle. At the finale, she drew forth from what appeared to be a bouquet of flowers her violin and played as only a master can with the same musical soulfulness as she sang.

Following a plan initiated by President Hodges at the Washington meeting, the sessions of the convention were opened every day with luncheons, which insured a large attendance.

Cameras and the spotlight batteries were planted and ready when Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt appeared. He was given an ovation due a 1932 presidential candidate. With arms on the back of his chair, blinded by the lights so that he could not see the audience, he delivered one of those heartening addresses that bespeak his personal popularity as governor of the Empire State. A plea was made by the Governor for advertising men to do more in disseminating in-



Earle Pearson

formation concerning government. His son, offered the choice of other professions, chose to become an advertising man which gave Governor Roosevelt a personal interest in this convention. The digressions from manuscript provided the charm of the address. Grover Whalen, New York's celebrated Receptionaire, presided and gave a keynote address before introducing the speakers. It was whispered among the delegates that Jimmy Walker was usually late, but this time he fooled them, and evidently did not have a tooth pulled, recalling a



recurring "alibi" that the distinguished mayor might have run out of original teeth. Attired in a heliotrope shirt with necktie to match, with that stage presence that wins his audience, Mayor Walker made a most eloquent address of welcome. After he had finished, one of the lady delegates commented, "I would vote for Jimmy, right or wrong."

Mr. Charles Younggreen of Chicago, former president, responded on behalf of the delegates, to the welcome given by President Charles E. Murphy of the New York Club, who resisted the impulse to try his newly-acquired French with which he greeted the French fliers and made a hit by telling of how he raised his babies on the installment plan and now had good title to two children. President Gilbert T. Hodges outlined comprehensively the agenda of the convention. The challenging speech of President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin entitled "Business and Its Appointment with Destiny" was a courageous, refreshing and thoughtful analysis of present-day conditions, making a plea for the necessity of good fellowship as well as good leadership.

An interesting sequel was the colloquial chat by Kenneth Collins of R. H. Macy Co. who had his facts and figures ready to show that now was the time to buy and that women with their intuitive instinct of bargains realized this. This situation was reflected in increased sales at department stores in volume beyond the records of last year.

"During the past twenty months advertising has been given its greatest challenge. It has failed, not because advertising has not the power to accomplish what it should have, but because it has been mis-directed. This country is filled with an abundance of things to eat, to wear, and to live with. The banks are overflowing with money. Many banks are now refusing to accept new savings accounts. Our reserves of gold are piling up every day. Yet in the face of this, advertising has been absolutely impotent. Goods have not been moved; the dollars have not been put into circulation.

"If you will study the per capita savings in savings banks alone—not considering at all the tremendous fund of savings that has gone into greater home ownership, securities, insurance, etc.—you will find that this factor today is more than double what it was in the depression year of 1920. Let us presume for the moment that certain savings are essential; that there's a point beyond which savings cannot be depleted with safety and let us assume that this point was the per capita savings deposits in our banks in 1920.

"The American laborer has taken it squarely on the chin in this period of depression, has stood up manfully—and apparently has more faith in the sound structure of this country than a lot of the leaders who have done the gloomy philosophising.

"The large corporations of this country with vast resources must be per-

suaded that this is the time to buy essential raw materials. The buying public must be convinced that it is wise to invest their money in merchandise, in bonds, in securities, at this time.

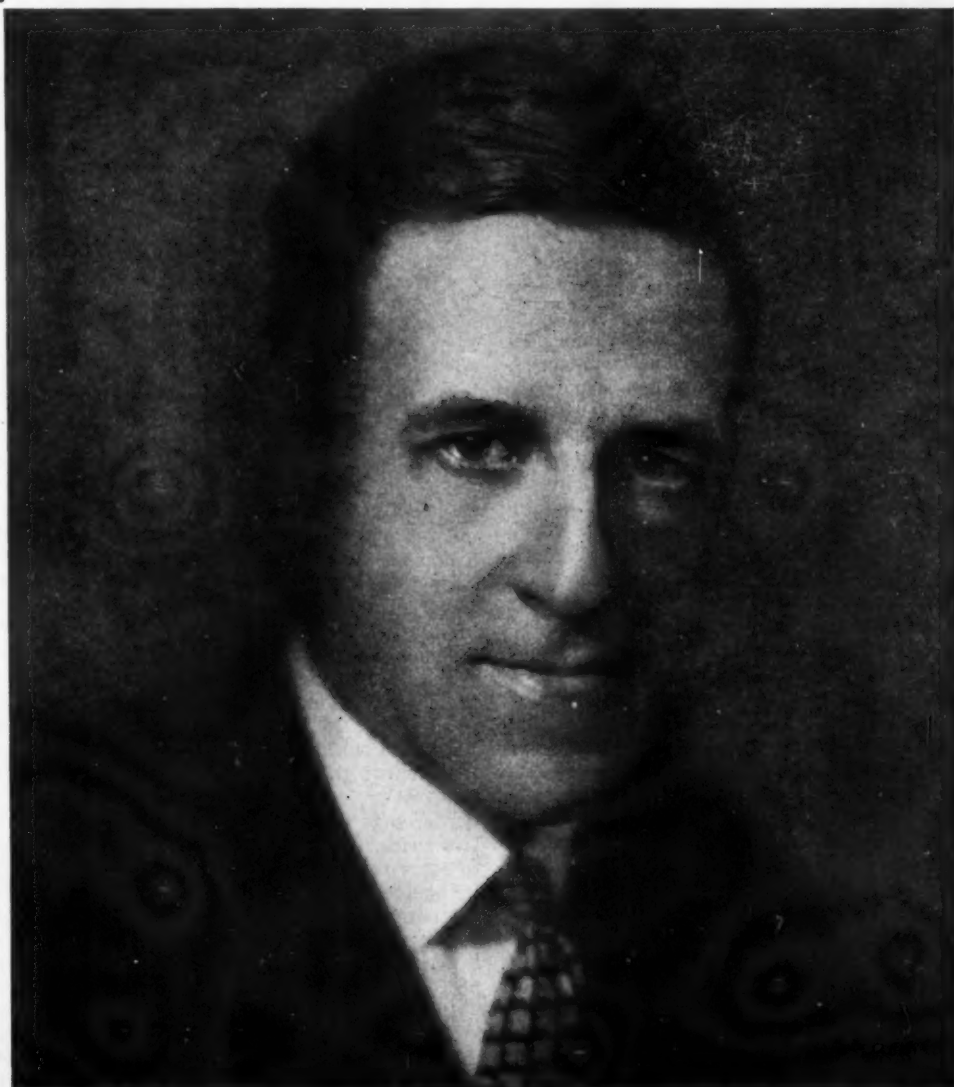
"The solution lies in an honest, critical appraisal of the facts and a forthright presentation of them. This is a depression—one of the worst we have experienced. We all know it. The bootblack who shines your shoes, your barber, your tailor, your street car conductor, your banker, your lawyer. You are fooling no one when you speak in discreet, hushed tones about it. Everyone, every place knows that times are hard. How hard? No one wants to face the facts. The average person refuses in his own private life to take a look into his checkbook to find out what his balance is. He waits until he has overdrawn his account. He doesn't count the cost of mounting bills until the first of the month. Then he finds himself in an alarming predicament.

"But when the bill collector is on his doorstep, he is forced to sit down and face the facts. The bill collector is on most of our doorsteps these days.

"Caesar put to death the bearer of bad tidings. But that was the first time he heard them. We can tell the public today things they already know. And then we can intelligently interpret them.

"See what this means. Everybody talks depression, hard times, unemployment. Everyone visualizes bread lines and social disturbances. Everyone becomes hysterical, hoards, saves unintelligently. He does so simply because he knows these are hard times. And yet that same man will sit and reminisce about 'the good old days' when butter was 25c. a pound and eggs 20c. a dozen and pork chops 2 for 15c. These are the good old times. You can buy your pork chops for less than 2 for 15c. and your butter and eggs for 25c. and 20c.; you can buy a good straw hat for \$1.00 and a suit of men's underwear for less than 50c. You can buy a respectable suit of clothes for under \$30.

"I personally believe that prices of raw commodities are much too low. I feel also that they cannot go materially lower. We cannot continue indefinitely to sell at less than the cost of production. For the protection of those who produce raw material,



G. Lynn Sumner, Chairman of the Program Committee



prices must go up—and prices will rise rapidly the moment any sort of buying campaign can be made effective.

"I haven't one illusion in the world that you or I or anyone else is going to buy anything at this time for altruistic motives. We aren't going to buy goods because we feel that by that method we will bring back prosperity. We are going to buy goods because we realize that most of the great fortunes in this country have been founded in periods of depression and that those with money to invest, spend it in buyers' markets in order to re-sell later at much higher prices.

"And here let me take my hat off to the housewives of America. While the economists and bankers and supposedly great industrial leaders have wrangled and talked and theorized—and wondered where the bottom was, the women of America have sensed that *this* probably is the bottom. They have spent their money in an unprecedented way, and their spending of money has moved huge quantities of goods and has forced the re-ordering of millions of dollars' worth of replacement articles.

"I am hopeful that we have rounded the corner. But when rounding a corner, no one can take his foot off the accelerator. And on the straightway we can make good time and I believe the straightway lies ahead of us."

These speeches precipitated the free-for-all discussion that followed in the departmental sessions where big ideas were tested in discussion and questions. Individual and earnest interest in the proceedings surpassed that of any previous convention. It was recognized there were even battles of peace times, and the thought of the hour seemed to be concentrated upon helping to drive a way the clouds of doubt and fear and start things going. The same confidence that has pulled business through in every past period of depression was reflected in the unified action of delegates. Even the leaders in the metropolis of New York, the greatest single market in the world, appreciate what this new alignment of advertising effort means to themselves as well as to the country at large.

The "Leviathan" of the U. S. Lines began her historic career as a captured ship, but maintains her supremacy as the American queen of the seas. On a blue Monday the gigantic boat was again captured by the delegates. There were many commodores of the fleet and belles of the deck that night. Many of the delegates had their first glimpse of the giant of the seas and sniffed the tang of salt water. The palatial and spacious ballroom of the ocean liner never contained a happier throng of merry-makers.

Tuesday witnessed intensified activities in the best departmentals that have ever been held in any convention. In recent years I have observed the proceedings of Congress, House of Parliament, Chamber of Deputies, Reichstag and the assembly of Nations at Geneva, but here were twenty departmental meetings under one roof—with organized debate. Parliamentary discussion proceeded on the tick of the

watch. "To make the rounds" was impossible, each meeting "held" its particular interest for those present. Among the newspaper publishers, Bruce Barton was on the "witness stand." In the broadcasting section William Hedges of WMAQ, Chicago, answering questions at a faster rate than Doctor Cadman. The Magazine group,



Gilbert T. Hodges, President of the Advertising Federation of America

fascinated by John B. Kennedy's thrilling recital of a "hanging story", provided an animated picture of a periodical editor in action. In the Direct Mail section Billy B. Van was telling the story of how he added sixteen thousand new dealers for selling his soap in a week—for he convinced news companies that his soap was as necessary as gum. Relating a thrilling story of the development of his business he sold soap in the mass.

Stirring addresses in the Outdoor Section had the breath of open spaces, supplemented with motion pictures revealing a dramatic story of the gigantic markets of New York City which includes more customers than the states west of the Rocky Mountains, to say nothing of millions of transient buyers from all over the world.

Exhibits of the Outdoor Posters heralding a complete message in a few words were pointed out as a model for talks in the Radio section. In the sales Promotion Division of the Detail Dry Goods Association, over a thousand merchants foregathered to discuss problems of "comparative price,"—ironing out the kinks of how to start buying. Details of sound pictures in business promotion and community advertising were phases of publicity discussed which seemed to run the entire gamut of exploitation—all covered in a single day's proceedings.

In meeting the extra and unexpected rush at the lunch hour, far exceeding all expectations, the Hotel Pennsylvania proved equal to the emergency of "feeding the multitudes" in record time.

Everyone was intent and busy upon the

flow of discussion following the session which superseded all topics—even food. Sir Charles Higham of England insisted that the good-natured and speedy mobilization for any task or service was the outstanding characteristic of the United States of America, so well exemplified in a convention of the Federation of Advertising Clubs of America.

The Banquet at the Astor and the Grand Ball were events worthy of New York's most exclusive social events.

Many delegates did not retire until the wee small hours of the morning, but they were all up bright and early for the breakfast at John Wanamaker's. It might have been called an early morning banquet,—but ham and eggs were not forgotten. The women lingered long, for it was a "low point" sale day at Wanamaker's.

A glimpse of modern night club life was provided by the supper dance given by Paul Block on the roof garden of the Hotel Astor. The talent provided by the National Broadcasting Company alone, to say nothing of the Columbia Broadcasting Co., represented upwards of eight thousand dollars in price.

The addresses by Colby Chester, president of the General Foods Company, C. F. Kettering, vice-president of General Motors, and Joe Appel of the Wanamaker's Store made an appeal for practical training in business that heartened the young recruits coming on to play their part in the business of the world. Paul T. Cherington presented the phase of recruiting through some plan of education and preparation that was impressive. The problem of "continuity" of business is as exacting in dealing with human emotions as that of the play called business which must "go on."

If all the addresses and discussions of this convention could be preserved in a book it would prove a veritable text book of the times.

The re-election of Gilbert T. Hodges of the *New York Sun* as president for the coming year is an assurance that the epochal work of this convention will go on vigorously with the co-operation of the Advertising Clubs of the United States who appreciate what coordinated work means in bringing about the new order of business and industrial procedure to meet the necessities of buying and selling on a basis of sincerity and truth. Business is the genius of the age and advertising the American genius of business as was so definitely declared by the Prince of Wales after making a tour of South America and the world at large in the interests of the declining world trade of the British Empire. If we really have this magic of modern advertising, why not use it and open more doors of business opportunities.

The officers and board of directors and personnel of the Federation of Advertising Clubs of America certainly set a pace in this 1931 convention that has already quickened the pulse of trade through advertising which has ever been the reviving breath of business.

# Mrs. Snyder's Philosophy is a Trade Mark

*Mrs. Ora Snyder, President of the National Confectioners Association, coined a famous trade mark in meeting an emergency with courage in a cheery response "I can't make all the candy in the world, so I just make the best of it"*

ART is an all-pervading factor in modern life. Permeating professionalized business, it is now an integral factor in business operations through the new medium of music in radio and motion pictures. While the influence of art may be so imperceptible that it cannot be defined by measurement, it suffuses merchandising at varied angles most effectively.

Curiously enough I have discovered that the moving spirit of outstanding achievement in mercantile accomplishments can be traced directly to an inherent artistic creative influence.

Seated in the studio of an eminent artist in New York, I saw him leave his work and go over to a dainty box of candy. With a ceremony akin to a banquet formality, he passed, raised the morsel aloft as if proposing a toast:

"To my cousin, an artist and philosopher, who has given the business world an epochal slogan, 'I can't make all the candy in the world, so I just make the best of it.'"

The proof of all this was "in the eating thereof." We reached for more sweets and indulged in chats flavored with friendliness and remembrance.

Further inquiries usually follow an attractive product whenever and wherever it meets the test of the public.

In the conversation it was disclosed that the relative referred to was none other than Mrs. Ora H. Snyder of Chicago, new president of the Associated Retail Confectioners of the United States. This alone emphasized the fact that she was a leader in her chosen life work. It marked another triumph of women in business, for the organization is largely composed of men who recognized and honored a personality in their trade. She has created an industry in "home made candies" with general offices in Chicago and eleven shops located in strategical sweet tooth sections of the mid-west metropolis that has proven an outstanding credit to the confectioner's trade in America.

At the National Convention of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs of the United States recently in Richmond, Virginia, Mrs. Snyder made the outstanding address of the sessions continuing for many days in which many phases of art reflected the influence of the modern

woman's activities in trade and the professions.

A lady of charming presence as a speaker, with large eyes beaming through pince-nez glasses, every word and modest gesture suggested the alert and artistic mind of Ora Snyder that has impressed itself upon the business world of America, as well as upon her growing circle of

and she persuaded a tea and coffee merchant to give her a little space in his store to sell her candies on a commission basis. It was so much of a success that the proprietor wanted the space for his own purposes, and as she laughingly says, "I was literally kicked into success."

Without business training, she decided that experience would be her best teacher and that she would buy at the lowest price. There was no one from whom she could borrow, and when she took on extra help she paid them daily wages and also cash for all her materials, so that at the end of the day or week, she knew her exact profits without a labyrinth of expensive bookkeeping and overhead. This was due mainly to the established fact that she made the best candy that she could make and had it put up in boxes that were so attractive that they were used as gifts de luxe where it was desired to express friendliness or affection that is usually associated with flowers, books or jewelry.

With this basic artistic instinct presenting packages that were impressive and appropriate as to their contents, she also had the faculty of enlisting the enthusiastic interest of those working with her. Many times in her talks she has insisted that the greatest factor in business is the ability to have associates that will carry out practical plans with enthusiasm in the interest of customers.

Despite the tremendous growth of her business, Mrs. Snyder continues having a personal meeting at least once a week with store managers, impressing upon each one of them that they represent her in their respective shops as if Mrs. Snyder were there in person, selling the goods with the same tact with which she began her business in the tea and coffee shop.

Evidence accumulates that Mrs. Snyder was busy watching her customers and not her competitors. Meeting patrons in a spirit of face to face, she studied the philosophy of human contacts. Each day presented something new for her to initiate. Facetiously she has termed initiative "a self-starter in business that has supplanted the old time crank methods." In her category cheerfulness is listed with work—physical and mental—as two vital essentials. Combine these with a lively, aggres-



Mrs. Ora H. Snyder

patrons.

The address while brief and to the point reflected a fascinating biographic background that riveted interest. There was no preamble or "whereases" in the concise recital that chronicled an important succession of resolutions. Opening with a graphic picture of the beginning of her business career, she described the incident in starting twenty years ago in business, because of necessity, with a cup of sugar and the white of an egg. The candy was sold to a suburban store twelve miles from Chicago. Cash and reorders came in with a crescendo—the neighborhood palate approved. A box of this candy was taken courageously by Mrs. Snyder to Chicago,



# Angela Morgan, Poet Author of "Work"

*The Poetess who has given the world ringing refrains in her poems appropiate to the humanist trend of the times — Encouragement by Mark Twain inspired her life career as a poetess*

WHEN Angela Morgan was presented the Gold Emblem at the opening of Poetry Week in New York City A. D. 1931 she was literally crowned Queen of the May by a legion of admirers. There were flowers as well as golden words of love and affection. This event marked an expression of high and deserved honors to the most popular poetess of her time. The time and place of this ceremony in the metropolis of the country were most appropriate.

What other poem more effectively and eloquently expresses the spirit of America than those verses on "Work," which are quoted as an appropriate prelude in writing about Angela Morgan: poet, philosopher, humanist and crusader:

## *Work!*

*Thank God for the swing of it,  
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it.  
Passion of labor, daily hurled  
On the mighty anvils of the world.  
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it  
What is so huge as the aim of it?  
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,  
Calling the plan of the Maker out.  
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,  
Shaping the earth to a glorious end;  
Draining the swamps and blasting  
the hills,  
Doing whatever the Spirit wills—  
Rending a continent apart,  
To answer the dream of the Master  
heart.  
Thank God for a world where none  
may shirk—  
Thank God for the splendor of work!*

Although born in Washington, D. C., she spent her childhood days in the Middle West where she had wide opportunities in childhood's impressive years of observing the stirring activities that are ever present in the throbbing centers of American development. Her parents, Alwyn Morgan and Caroline Baldwin Morgan, were natives of New England and followed Horace Greeley's advice to "go West!" They carried with them their love of literature; for they were a twain of poets, seers and philosophers. In the pioneer household the children learned of Shakespeare, Browning and Swedenborg. Literature was discussed in a manner that attracted the listening children.

In the atmosphere of this home, educated in the public schools and under private tutors, continuing her studies at Columbia and Chautauqua, Angela Morgan began her life work

as a poet doing newspaper work in Chicago, New York and Boston. In these busy days she could not resist writing verse. The lines were soon recognized as an exceptional expression of poetic impulse. Later she gave readings of her own poems and established a reputation in literary circles all over the country.

Few American poets have covered a wider range of epochal events in enduring verse than Angela Morgan. Entertained by literary savants and societies in many foreign countries, she was especially popular in England. The charm of her personality makes her readings an event. She has given recitals in most of the principal cities in the country, as well as abroad, and her audience has included Alfred Noyes, poet laureate of England, John Galsworthy, Lord and Lady Charnwood, the British biographer of Lincoln, John Drinkwater, A. A. Milne, and Ambassador and Mrs. Frank J. Kellogg. The author of "Work" is not only honored by the literati and the public who have heard her recite, but has a wide range of popularity among the masses who have read her stirring lines. Her appearance at the Authors Club Breakfast in Washing-

ton a few years ago was nothing short of an ovation. She has been called to recite her poems to more distinguished gatherings than any other living poet.

Many phases of American life have received the magic interpretation of Angela Morgan. Early in her career, she evidenced a clear vision of a new social order and has voiced continuously and consistently ever since the prophecy of a triumph for new moral values.

While millions are familiar with her poetry and admire her genius in verse, it is the humanistic feeling in her writing, combining the qualities of poet, prophet and mystic that make her an outstanding and fascinating personality in the literary field. Forsooth, she is a beautiful woman in personal appearance, action and manner, as well as a talented author. She is of Greek type, commanding height, dark complexion, glowing eyes, finely modeled features and always exquisitely gowned. The very charm of her personal beauty shines in her work.

In the social ferment and problems of reconstruction in this hectic period, Angela Morgan has won the title of "the poet of the times" through her courageous dynamic appeals.

While her home has been in New York City, she has traveled extensively in all parts of the world, giving readings and recitals. After hearing her read the "Battle Cry of Mothers" Mrs. Andrew Carnegie had the poem reprinted in large editions and widely circulated to help the cause of Peace with which the late Andrew Carnegie was so prominently identified.

The Poetry Society of America awarded her poem "God Prays" a prize in a contest, and the lines were committed to memory and repeated by many thousands. To have heard her read her "Unknown Soldier" in the Rotunda in the Capitol was an event that can never be forgotten. This poem has been included by Brander Matthews in his Anthology of American patriotic poems.

During the last days of his life Mark Twain recited Miss Morgan's poem, "God's Man" in his drawing room at Stormfield, Connecticut. The lines were recited with deep emotion. He then enthusiastically encouraged Miss Morgan to go on with writing poems that possessed the power of interpreting the real America of today. Published in Collier's it brought many letters of appreciation, to-



Angela Morgan

gether with "Resurrection" and "June Rapture." The pages of nearly all the leading American publications using verse have been brightened by the genius of Angela Morgan. Her "Hymn to America" won a prize in the National Anthem Prize Competition and the poems "Lindbergh" and "Roosevelt" are among the many eloquent tributes paid to the great men of America.

Mrs. John Henry Hammond recited two poems written by Miss Morgan, who was then in London, at the birthplace of Theodore Roosevelt. She quoted a statement from Miss Morgan's letter:

"The writing of these poems was to me a remarkable spiritual adventure. I felt thrilled anew with the awareness of Roosevelt's mighty soul, and think it strange to have had this experience so far from my native shore. But Roosevelt is universal—he overflows the world!"

Miss Morgan does not live the hermit's life, but has responded to the calls from schools and colleges and universities all over the country. A most interesting event was a joint recital given by Miss Morgan and her mother at the MacDowell Club in New York. Her mother was for many years a Shakespearean and dramatic reader.

At the annual breakfast in Washington of the League of American Pen Women, Miss Morgan is always numbered among guests which include eminent public leaders of the country.

During the great general strike in Eng-

land some years ago where she witnessed all phases of that upheaval at close range noting the courage of the everyday English father, mother, daughter and son, who threw themselves into the bloodless battle, the author of "Work" was greatly impressed and paid her tribute to the stolid dependable Britisher who calmly volunteered and took over the machinery of labor to carry on.

This recalled Miss Morgan's visit with the late John Burns, the great labor leader, at Clapham Common, where Miss Morgan interviewed him in one of the most valuable private libraries in all England. She found in John Burns a man of letters, living among his precious books, but ever ablaze with the impetuous love of the people whose cause he represented during his long and tempestuous public career. The intellectual and spiritual vitality that flashed in his dark eyes as he discussed the problems of the day with the poet was the subject of a most interesting article by Miss Morgan.

As an active worker in the Art Alliance, Philadelphia, and a score of other organizations, Miss Morgan's activities have given her writing the glow of spontaneity, virility and reality. It would require pages in a telephone book even to list the organizations with which she has been actively identified. Her whole life has been given wholeheartedly to the promotion of the poetry movement in America indicated in her activities in the Christadora Guild of poets.

The outstanding test of Angela Morgan's work has been the fact that her original verses have been printed in over fifty of the leading periodicals of the country. This does not include the thousands that have reprinted her poem "Work, A Song of Triumph" and other verse. This poem printed first in "The Outlook" brought hundreds of letters from readers and appeared later in a book of poems published by John Lane entitled "The Hour has Struck." Reprinted in numerous anthologies, it was set to music by a noted California composer and is a popular favorite in concert programs. Various business organizations have used the verses as an inspirational message hung on the walls of office and factories. It has been memorized by many students in colleges and schools and has become a text in the class rooms. A story is told of a janitor in a building who after hearing this song went back to his work with joy gleaming in his eyes, as he shouted enthusiastically, "After hearing that song I feel so strong I feel like sweeping the whole building."

It was appropriate that the American Government should make official use of Miss Morgan's work in a book published by the American Library Association entitled "Your Job Back Home." The dominant feature of this attractive volume issued under the official sanction of the government was the poem "Work, A Song of Triumph," a noteworthy tribute of the government to the genius of an American poet.

## Mrs. Snyder's Philosophy is a Trade Mark

*Continued from page 431*

sive imagination and a healthful body and results are irresistible.

Having never forgotten that the customer comes in to buy merchandise she still insists that a "thank you" may be monotonous—but they all like courtesy with candy.

Ornate exteriors or interiors are not a feature of Mrs. Snyder's shops. The candy they are buying and the service rendered are all important.

Building up a large business without borrowing money extensively and surmounting obstacles one by one, as they appeared, is a novel departure from present day methods.

Volume and prices that insure profits are the equation that works out a success.

The greatest test came in the first flush of expansion. Long ago she decided that this was no world for quitters, and kept going on and on, holding fast to her tenets of business—"Attracting attention, awakening interest, creating desire and securing decisions." Repeat sales are the best evidence that the first sale was right.

Eight of the eleven successful shops she is now operating in Chicago are located in

the same shop where similar businesses have failed. This would seem to indicate that she has the right formula of success. Show windows are called "the eyes of business" and price cards are the "silent salesmen" and they tell the story completely of what Mrs. Snyder has to offer. An accurate record of the weather predictions is kept to anticipate sales. "People do not carry bundles of candy on stormy days. Keeping track of every wind that blows is saying something when you know of the fickle weather of the 'Windy City'" is her explanation of consulting with the Old Farmers Almanac to gauge a season's supply.

A keen sense of humor has helped her over many a hurdle, and her collection of autographed photographs and letters, none of which was ever solicited—tells a story of appreciation.

Resisting the temptation of opening shops in other cities, Mrs. Snyder pursues her established policy of personal consideration. She sells the candy she offers and manufactures every ounce that is sold. With determination she has declared that

under no circumstances will she ever allow her commodity to be based on what others may make or do on her reputation as a homemade candy maker, ever keeping in mind to do her best to make the best.

Every detail of the colors and tying the bows of ribbons on the packages making those artistic ensembles of dainty sweets in a circular metal container, adorned with pictures, is looked after with the painstaking care of painting a picture. The package itself is an eloquent appeal that suggests replacement and resales with toothsome contents. All this indicates an artistic impulse that has suffused her business policies for two decades and has continued attracting customers in geometrical progression. The products have the very atmosphere as well as the good taste of "home-made" products, for Mrs. Snyder is personally a home body, transported by the force of necessity to business activities. She possesses the magic key that holds fast the confidence of her patrons and has also unfolded the utility of beauty and art and friendliness as an inherent part of the cycle of modern business.



# HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

with NIXON WATERMAN

## *The Weeny "Pancakes"*

The women folks, in the way of dress,  
Have all been showing us, less and less;  
With less of this and less of that,  
And now it's a good deal less of hat.

## *A Pleasant Style*

'Twill please each teeny maid to find  
As fashions now are, that  
There's nought upon her teeny mind  
But just her teeny hat.

## *What D'ye Say?*

Few questions by "dry" leaders asked  
Are more significant than this'n is:  
"Has liquor—take it first and last—  
Done much to help you in your business?"

## *The American Juggernauts*

When they as many cars endure  
As does our own sad Nation,  
The Italians will have found a cure  
For their over-population.

## *What Does He Want?*

Would the weather grouch who fumes a lot  
And, wet or dry, must scold,  
Be happy were the winters hot  
And the summer seasons cold?

## *About the Middle*

His plan for saving cost in clothes  
Must be almost complete  
Since Gandhi's full-length portrait shows  
He's making both ends meet.

## *Light Wanted*

Won't some economist explain  
This fact that sounds so queer:  
The farmers are growing so much grain  
They're starving, pretty near?

## *Nearing the End*

Though the golden-rod, to country ways,  
Brings much of charm, no doubt,  
To "the good old summertime" it says:  
"Your job's about played out!"

## *Where Is He?*

The most of us will quite adore  
The one who'll find some way  
So we can spend a whole lot more  
And never have to pay.

## *Dress Reform in India*

In India where Gandhi names  
The fashions, so we're told,  
Breech clouts employed by stylish dames  
Must not be quite so bold.

## *Council Table Battles*

Although "peace" envoys, now and then,  
All "hot air" one another,  
It's better than a million men  
Each trying to "gas" his brother.

## *Columbus Versus Lindbergh*

If Columbus from above can see  
How folks, today, can fly  
The oceans wide, he must think, "Gee,  
But I was a slow old guy!"

## *Love Versus Gasoline*

"It's Love that makes the world go round,"  
They tell us, half in mirth,  
But now we've seen it's gasoline  
That sends folks round the earth.

## *Not So In Boston*

Aldermen's careers remind us  
We can all be wealthy men  
Piling up a hundred dollars  
Where our salary's only ten.

## *The Great Artist*

'Tis Nature knows the clever way  
To beautify the sod;  
Along the country roads, today,  
Is many a golden rod.

## *Does This Mean You?*

If you say that you've never done any one thing  
You would keep from the world, let's inquire  
If you are a saint (which we'll bet you ain't)  
Or what's commonly known as a liar?

## *The Consumer Pays*

It would add a whole lot to the autoist's sport  
And bring to his features a smile  
Could he banish the thought that he has to support  
Filling-stations 'bout every half mile.

## *Ain't No Such Animile*

Since the Russians are giving the "home" the air,  
And kids won't know their "pa" or "ma,"  
The man who sings "Home, Sweet Home" over there  
Is sure to be given the glad "Ha, ha!"

## *Head That Way*

As things are going, we must allow,  
We'll read in the papers soon:  
"Mr. and Mrs. Lindbergh, now,  
Are visiting the moon."

## *The "Wet" and "Dry" Campaign*

Ere long each one a badge will don  
To show how he will vote;  
A camel or a cork screw on  
The lapel of his coat.

# The Air-cooled Passenger Trains

*All the modern comforts of a home provided in the Passenger Trains on the pioneer Baltimore and Ohio Railroad - Traveling by rail as spic-span as if in aeroplane.*

**T**YPICAL of the pioneer spirit that has characterized the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in its century of operation, is this new venture of "air-cooled" trains. It is certainly a big advance step in the business of making train riding more comfortable and desirable. Already two other passenger trains running between New York and Washington have been equipped with this new device. Now the only "fly-in-the ointment" that was left, the dirt and cinders, are to be dispensed with. This is the way a R. R. editor writes:

He was strolling through the station at Mt. Royal, a newspaper under his arm and a prancing youngster at his heels.

"Going on a trip?" we asked.

"No, we've been," he replied.

I glanced at Jim, Jr., clad in crisp, spotless white linen. Not a smudge on his little turned-up nose. Not even a dark ring around his little pants pocket.

"You don't mean to say that you've had Jim, Jr., on the train?" I gasped.

"And why not? We've just come off the *Columbian*. His mother's over here at the newsstand. She was along, too, and by Jove, she's delighted with the trip. She didn't have to spend half the time scrubbing Jimmie and trying to keep his hands off the window sills. It's the first train ride that we've ever made with the youngster that was made in real peace and comfort. Look at his linen trousers . . . just as clean as when his grandmother put them on him in New York. And you've had a good time, too, haven't you, Son?" The youngster grinned.

It was amazing. And yet, it occurred to me that this is just one of many reasons why women choose the *Columbian*.

For six years the B & O has been studying the ventilation problem, with the idea of providing greater comfort for its passengers. Eventually, a system was worked out whereby the air in a car could be changed completely every two minutes and provide a health-giving atmosphere at all times. The next step—and the one which is now perfected and in use on the first train of its kind in history—the *Columbian*—was to cool the air sufficiently below the outside temperature as to provide the utmost in comfort; by closing the windows, to keep out all dust, dirt and cinders and to provide in the interior of the cars a degree of quietness that would enable passengers to converse as easily with each other as in their own homes. The value of this innovation is of special interest to women. And I might add that it is the hand of woman, too, that has helped to plan so many of the details

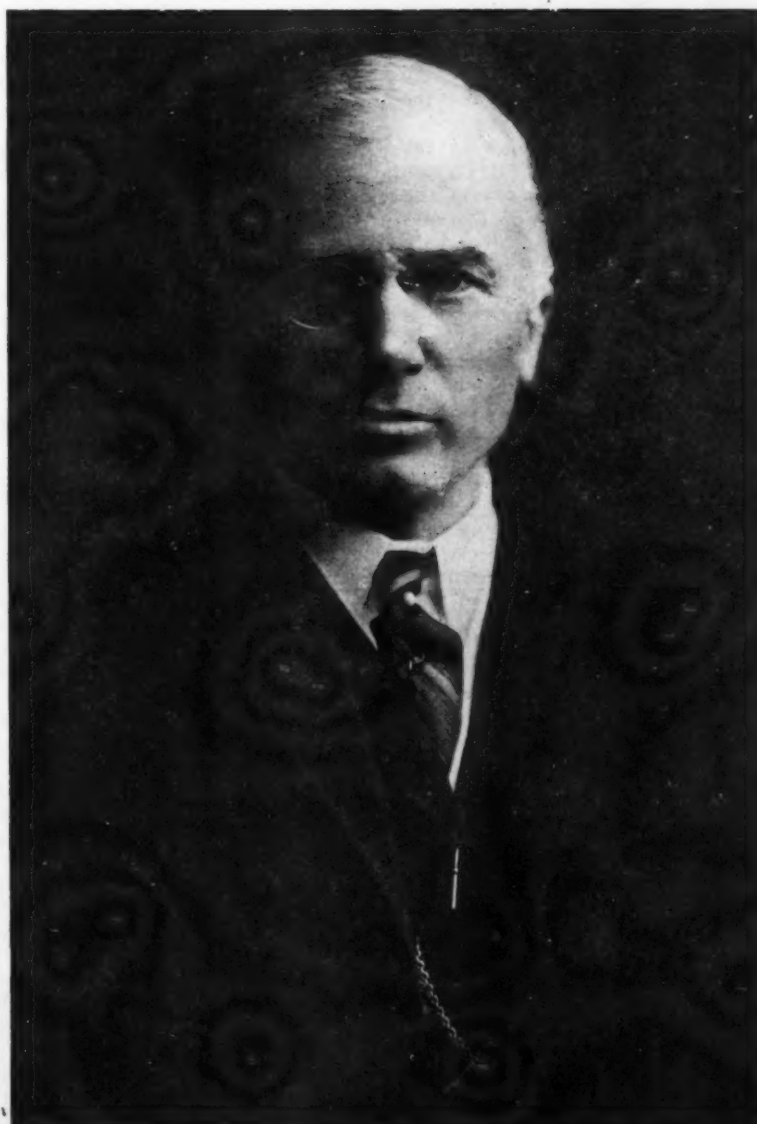
of this train, and which women travelers appreciate.

The day coaches are provided with the same air-conditioned, air-cooled system as is found in the Pullman and dining cars—and it is also interesting to note that all these comforts may be had without the payment of extra fares.

Every woman likes to feel freshly groomed when she arrives at her destination. Regardless of the means of transportation which she chooses, to reach this state of immaculateness on a hot day is

next to impossible. The *Columbian*, however, has achieved this "next-to-impossible." The problems of keeping her hair straight, her nose powdered, her hands clean and the wrinkles out of her frocks—all of which mean everything to the woman traveler—become no problem at all. As Mrs. S., a Washington woman, remarked yesterday, "There are plenty of mirrors on the *Columbian*, but we have little need for them. There is no wind to blow your hair, no dirt, dust or cinders to soil your hands, face or gloves, and no

*Continued on page 441*



Daniel Willard, President of the B. & O.



# Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

*An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories*

## ELIOT WADSWORTH

*Former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and member of the firm of Stone & Webster centres on "If" as a heart throb for all occasions.*

Few men have crowded more into the busy years of life that Eliot Wadsworth, former Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury. He was born in Boston and educated at Harvard and for a long time was a member of the firm of Stone & Webster, electrical engineers. He served a term in the General Court and is counted one of the most active executives in Massachusetts with a career embracing both local and national affairs. As a member of the Relief Commission of the Rockefeller Foundation he traveled extensively through Europe, covering Russia and the Balkan countries.

During his work as Chairman of the Boston Chapter of the American Red Cross he was chosen as acting chairman of the Central Committee of the national organization. For signal ability in dealing with problems that grew out of the war through the service on the War Council of President Wilson and the succeeding presidents, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by the United States Government and the decoration of the Commander of the Order of the Crown of Belgium.

The four years that he served as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury beginning in 1921 gave him the responsibility of collecting the foreign and railroad loans which grew out of the war. He also served during this four year period as Secretary of the World War Foreign Debt Commission, organized for the refunding of war debts, and in 1923 he was appointed by Secretary of State, Hughes, to represent the United States at the conference with the Allies in Paris. At this meeting, he was instrumental in securing the settlement of this country's claims for \$240,000,000, covering the maintenance of the U. S. Army of Occupation in Germany during the war.

Since 1925, when Mr. Wadsworth resigned his Treasury post, he has been active in Massachusetts politics. Elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1926, he also now holds the position of Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Sinking Funds of Boston.

Mr. Wadsworth is also among the most active of Harvard graduates. He was Chairman of the Harvard Endowment Fund Committee which raised \$15,000,000 in 1919 and 1920 and has served as President of the Harvard Alumni Association;

and twelve years as a member of the Board of Overseers.

In 1929 Mr. Wadsworth served as Chairman of the American Delegation to an International Conference in Geneva held for the purpose of rewriting the Red Cross Convention of 1906, and drawing up a new Convention establishing the status and rights of prisoners of war.

In response to the query as to an all-round favorite heart throb, he said:

"My favorite poem is 'If' by Kipling, which seems to meet all sorts of conditions and emergencies for a heart throb. It was especially inspiring to me during the strenuous days during and following the World War."

If you can walk with crowds and keep your virtue,

Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you  
If all men count with you but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the earth, and everything that's in it,  
And which is more,—you'll be a MAN, my son.

## LOUIS ECKSTEIN

*The distinguished Chicagoan and owner of "Ravinia" where Grand Opera is produced, finds a Heart Captivation in Pope's "Ode for Music."*

Amid the musical inspirations and sylvan charms of "Ravinia" where major grand opera is produced for the Mid-west during the summer season, I found my old friend, Louis Eckstein, at his best. Already the Chicago Tribune and other papers has designated Louis Eckstein as one of Chicago's leading citizens, and he deserves it all. For few men have been more devoted to music and grand opera for the people than Louis Eckstein. All this despite the fact that he is a business man to his finger tips. I knew him when he was general passenger agent of the Wisconsin Central Railroad. He was an efficient railroad man, but there were limitations here for a young man adapted for a business career so he turned to the commercial world where, during the years, he has achieved success as merchant, publisher, realtor and financier.

It was eighteen years ago that he became interested in Ravinia to which he has devoted himself with an unselfish abandon that has elevated this operatic institution to the highest artistic plane. Before the regime of Mr. Eckstein began, Ravinia was a music hall owned by the then Chicago and Milwaukee railway and it served this

line as a feeder. Unfortunately for the railroad, but fortunately for art, this line passed into the hands of a receiver and Ravinia was offered for sale. There was consternation among the residents of Chicago's north shore district in which Ravinia is located and which is the wealthiest and most influential suburban section of the Middle-west.

Rumors were current that this beautiful tract of land was to be purchased by a circus as its winter quarters. There was also likelihood that it might be turned into an amusement park of the Coney Island type, and neither prospect was relished by those residents of the district who had invested millions in magnificent homes and estates. Among these was Louis Eckstein who from boyhood, had cherished a love for all that was fine in music. He formulated a plan which was as daring as it was idealistic; he visioned Ravinia as a music center of the highest type and with that thoroughness which has marked everything he has done, he set about the task of building to that end. Today, Mr. Eckstein is owner, financial backer and artistic director of Ravinia Opera. Many of the world's greatest opera stars are on his roster season after season, and this opera house, the world's summer music capital, has a prestige in Europe as great as that which it enjoys throughout the length and breadth of the United States.

While the orchestra was playing the overture to "Tannhauser," recalling my recent visit to Bayreuth, the home of the composer, Mr. Eckstein began humming as he deliberated between a number of favorite Heart Throbs. So much of his life has been spent in the promotion of good music that I was not surprised when he turned to me during the intermission and commented:

"My real favorite is Alexander Pope's 'Ode for Music', which this poet, like Dryden, wrote for St. Cecilia's Day. I find this poem a veritable symphony in itself. Perhaps my own love for music is inspired by those qualities which Pope so majestically set forth in real verses."

I have selected a few verses that seem to me to strike the high point of this wonderful poem.

Descend, ye nine, descend and sing;  
The breathing instrumental inspire,  
Wake unto voice each silent string,  
And sweep the sounding lyre.  
In a sadly pleasing strain  
Let the warbling lute complain;  
Let the loud trumpet sound.  
Till the roofs all around  
The shrill echoes rebound;

While in more lengthen'd notes and slow  
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.  
Hark! the numbers soft and clear  
Gently steal upon the ear;  
Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;  
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,  
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;  
Till by degrees, remote and small,  
The strains decay,  
And melt away  
In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,  
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.  
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,  
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;  
Or when the soul is pressed with cares,  
Exalts her in enlivening airs.  
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,  
Pours balm into the bleeding lovers wounds;  
Melancholy lifts her head,  
Morpheus rouses from his bed,  
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;  
Intestine war no more our passions wage,  
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
And Fate's severest rage disarm;  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please;  
Our joys below it can improve,  
And antedate the bliss above.

#### DARWIN KINGSLEY

*The President of the New York Life Insurance Company, himself a Shakespearean student and collector of original folios quotes from the Bard of Avon*

In his office overlooking the historic Madison Square in the beautiful new home office building of his Company, Darwin P. Kingsley was receiving congratulations from all over the country upon having secured former president Calvin Coolidge as a director of the New York Life. The fact that this was the first position accepted by Mr. Coolidge on his retirement from the presidency was in itself a most conclusive compliment to the organization. The fact that Calvin Coolidge and Darwin Kingsley were both born in Vermont may be a coincidence, but it is significant that the Green Mountain boys seem to understand how to stand together since that fateful day at Ticonderoga.

Mr. Kingsley was born in Alburgh, Vermont May 5, 1857 and his life has been one that exemplifies the traditional ideals of a successful country boy, winning high honors in the metropolis of the nation. Outside of serving as state auditor of Colorado in 1887, he has never held public office, but was a delegate to the Republican National Convention that nominated James G. Blaine.

His advancement in his chosen work of life insurance was rapidly made and he became president in 1907, before he had celebrated his fiftieth birthday. He is a trustee of the University of Vermont, Life Member of the American Museum of Natural History, and has served as President of the New York Chamber of Commerce; which indicates that he has always had time to give to civic responsibilities. His radio address in December 1928, on the opening of the new building, has been pronounced a classic. It brought the millions of stock-

holders close to the executive and revealed the human and broad vision of the man. The building itself fulfils a dream of Mr. iKingsley—blending the genius of the age, business industry and finance, with a recognition of the beautiful and the classic that commands respect and reverence; for this structure devoted to commerce has a feeling and atmosphere of ethical ideals and high purposes that are not usually associated with trade.

An ardent student of Shakespeare and collector of original folios, it was no sur-reference to his age, Mr. Kingsley quoted prize when as a counter to my repeated the following from Henry V:

"Old age that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face."

#### NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

Surprises come thick and fast in my quest for heart throbs. Before me was Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, directing the higher education of more students than in any other school in the world. In his office at Broadway and 116th Street, amid the surroundings in which nearly a million students have studied, harking back to the days of Alexander Hamilton, this distinguished educator, than whom few have a more comprehensive knowledge of literature, began repeating from Whittier's "In Schooldays."

"Still sits the school-house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sleeping;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry-vines are creeping."

Before proceeding, I could see almost mirrored in his eyes, the picture of a little school in New Jersey where he spoke his first piece in school, little dreaming that thirty years later he would be at the head of one of the world-famed educational institutions.

When I had first inquired as to his choice of a heart touching poem, he replied: "It is not wholly easy to answer your query, but there does happen to be a poem which I learned by heart in early boyhood which has remained with me through the years and always touches both my heart and my imagination. I had a reverence for the good Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, who penned the lines which I committed to memory for my first appearance on the rostrum. The occasion was the Friday afternoon literary exercises and this poem is still to me a very vivid and a very real description of what has happened to more boys than one. He continued with the second verse:

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initials.

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window-panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving.  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school was leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled:  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered;—  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear Girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!

When he had finished the last word, we just remained silent for a minute, for I am afraid we were both thinking back through those four decades of life to the halycon memories of school days attuned to the mellow memories inspired by many of Whittier's poems.

#### JAMES DRUMMOND ELLSWORTH

*The Assistant to the President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has this thrill in Coleridge's Lines*

Like a great many newspaper men and editorial writers, James D. Ellsworth took the path leading to public information—a field that is akin to, but which oftentimes obscures the personal signature. Mr. Ellsworth's radiation of information was not to be hidden under the bushel, for he came to the work during the period when the worth and necessity of exploitation was gaining in commercial importance and when advertising policies were becoming an executive function and a work of art, with all the force of good literature and good salesmanship.

A native of Massachusetts is Mr. Ellsworth. Born in Milford in 1863, he attended western universities from which training he began the editorship of a newspaper, serving later in an editorial capacity in Denver, Colorado, and on the Boston Herald and New York newspapers.

All this varied experience and knowledge of current human activities and thought fitted him especially for the responsible position of assistant to the president of the American Telephone Company.

When I asked Mr. Ellsworth what poem had remained in his mind as a favorite through the years, he made a few geometrical figures on the blotter, and in his deliberate way, responded:

"When I think of poetry the classic hymn of Coleridge to Mount Blanc comes to mind. To me it is a perfect word painting of Nature's wonders and beauty. With the poet at sunrise we seem to stand at the foot of Mt. Blanc where two rivers flow through the vale of Chamouni and where five great torrents rush downward, but, within a few feet of the vast glaciers grow

*Continued on page 408*





## Tickleweed and Feathers



Judge, addressing sweet young thing: "Young lady, do you know what will happen if you tell a lie on the witness stand?"

"Oh, yes, judge. My lawyer said if I did we might win this case."

Moses met Ikey in the street and said to him, "You're lookin' blue today, Ikey. Vot's troublin' you?"

"I'm bankrupt; that's vot's the matter." "Bankrupt, eh?" said Moses; "but vot did you settle on your wife!"

"I settled nothing on my wife," said Ikey. "Vell, vot did you settle on your daughter?"

"I settle nothing on my daughter," "Vy," exclaimed Moses, "you're not bankrupt, you're ruined!"

—Wall St. Journal.

"Are you a doctor?" she asked the young man at the soda fountain. "No, Madam," he replied, "I'm a fizzician."

—The New Yorker.

John Smith was with a party of friends on a fishing trip, and around the camp fire one evening the talk naturally ran on big fish. When it came his turn, John began, uncertain as to how he was going to come out: "We were fishing one time on the Grand Banks for—er—er—"

"Whales," somebody suggested.

"No," said John, "we were baiting with whales."

—American Mutual Magazine.

An old codger was crossing a busy corner when a huge police dog dashed into him and bowled him over. The next instant an Austin skidded around a corner, bumped him, inflicting more severe bruises.

Bystanders assisted him to his feet, and some one asked him if the dog had hurt him.

"Not exactly," he replied, "it was the tin can tied to his tail that did the most damage."

—Brooklyn Central.

Disturbed Master: Amy, why do you bang the house mats against the wall?

Keen Maid: Because I find it develops my golf muscles sir. —London Humorist...

A husband said to his wife: "I read here that 'Woman, without her man, is a savage.'"

She looked over his shoulder and said: "Now read that again."

And he read, slower: "Woman! Without her, man is a savage."

Preacher: Dat's as fine a goose as I evah see, Bruddah Williams. Whar did yo' git such a fine goose?"

Mose: "Well, now, pahson, when you preach a speshul sermon, I never axes yo' whar yo' got it. I hopes you will show me de same consideration."

—Patton's Monthly.

Office wit (on a hot summer day): Hot enough for you?

Jones (wearily): It isn't the heat, it's the humor.

Miles: "Well, old Gene MacDonough remained Scotch to the last breath."

Plyes: "What do you mean?"

Miles: "When he felt a heart attack coming on he managed to fall in front of a passing auto, so the insurance company would have to pay his widow double indemnity."

—New England Printer.

Alice: "When I accepted Jack he said he felt as if he were in the seventh heaven."

Alicia: "I can well believe it. He has been engaged six times before."

Buyer: Let's play the game called "Building and Loan?"

Seller: How do you play it?

Buyer: Get out of this building and leave me alone!

—Patton's Monthly.

Pat was arrested for being intoxicated. On being brought before the Judge he was asked by the Court what he was there for.

Pat: "Your Honor, I was arrested for being intoxicated."

Judge: "Pat, where did you buy the liquor?"

Pat: "Your honor, I did not buy it. A Scotchman gave it to me."

Judge: "Thirty days for perjury."

—Exchange.

A certain bank takes on a number of young men during the summer. On their salary receipts is printed a legend something like this:

"Your salary is your personal business—a confidential matter—and should not be disclosed to anybody else."

One of the new boys in signing this receipt added:

"I won't mention it to anybody. I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are."

"How did you like the actor who played the king?"

"Ever since I saw him I've been in favor of a republic."

An Italian who kept a fruit stand was much annoyed by possible customers who made a practice of handling the fruit and pinching it, thereby leaving it softened and often spoiled. Exasperated beyond endurance, he finally put up a sign, which read: "If you must pincha da fruit—pincha da cocoanut!"

"Thankful! What have I got to be thankful for? I can't pay my bills."

"Then, man alive, be thankful you are not one of your creditors."

With some of them like this ( ) and some of them looking like this ) (, short skirts are still being worn.

"Offisher, you'd better lock me up. Jush hit my wife over the head wish a club."

"Did you kill her?"

"Don't think sho. Thash why I want to be locked up."

—America's Humor.

Stable Sergeant: "D'ja ever ride a horse before?"

Rookie: "No."

Sergeant: "Ah! Here's just the animal for you. He has never been ridden. You can start out together."

—Exchange.

The poet was famous, but the landlord wanted his rent.

"I want my rent," he exclaimed, "and I want it to-day. If I don't get it tomorrow people will be pointing out this house as the place where you once lived."

—The Humorist.

A tourist going through the Northwest suffered a slight accident. Unable to find his monkey-wrench, he went to a farmhouse and inquired of the Swede owner:

"Have you a monkey-wrench here?"

"Naw," replied the Swede, "My brother bane got a cattle rench over there my cousin got a sheep rench down there; but too damn cold here for monkey-rench."

"He was a man who had indeed suffered much," says a country newspaper, in a short obituary notice; "he had been a subscriber to this paper since its first number."

Scotch Parson: "Little boy, ha ye no better way o' spendin' your evenin' than swingin' on the front gate, idlin' your time when you could be doin' somethin' useful?"

Little Boy: "I'm no idlin' away ma time; there's an Englishman inside the hoose kissin' ma sister, and he's payin' me sax-pence an hour to watch out for ma father."

## Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People

Continued from page 437

the "flowers of loveliest blue." The majesty of this poem is to me all-appealing."

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald awful head, O sovereign Blanc!  
The Arve and Aveyron at thy base  
Rave constantly, but thou, most awful form  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines  
How silently! Around thee and above  
Deep is the air and dark and substantial black  
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it  
As with a wedge! But when I look again  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine  
Thy habitation from eternity!

A dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense  
Didst vanish from my thoughts, entranced in prayer  
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills  
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven  
Great Hierarch! Tell thou the silent sky  
And tell the stars and tell the rising sun  
Earth with a thousand voices praises God!

BILLY B. VAN

*The Popular Actor and Erstwhile Soap Manufacturer reverts to the poem "Mary Ann" for his favorite*

When Billy B. Van withdrew his humor and captivating smile from stage work and devoted them to business, the business world gained an important asset. To radiate good nature and enthusiasm is recognized as a gift from heaven and while many audiences miss the comedian, New England has won an arduous supporter.

"New England, with its diversified industries is the most blessed section of the Universe," said Billy B. Van, "we live in the most healthful and most beautiful country that God has laid out of doors."

The former comedian does not confine his admiration to Newport, New Hampshire where he lives and works as President of the Pine Tree Products Company, nor is his reputation limited to that section, for Billy B. Van has made his wide acquaintance with the public through his stage career, his screen work and his radio talks. It is of the latter and the possibilities of the radio that he humorously said:

"Before the microphone, it is the hardest thing to bear in mind that the audience is looking at you through its ears. The actor cannot shamble out with an awkward gait and look around with a bewildered expression and he cannot depend on stage properties to bring out an obscure idea."

With these limitations Billy B. Van "put over" his humor to thousands, and hampered by a diverse audience, gave good comedy entirely free from offending suggestion. His work has been characterized by clean jokes that brought clean laughter.

"You ask me to give you my favorite poem," he said, "and here is 'Mary Ann,'—dear to me because it was written about my own little girl, by Carolyn McKane:"

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One time, when I went travelling  
High up in Fairyland  
Where tall green pines were singing  
And a Piper's little band  
Was practising a melody  
To please the great God Pan,  
I came across a vision  
Whose name was Mary Ann.

There she stood, a little mortal  
Just as sweet as break of day  
Poised and graceful as a sunbeam  
On an early flower in May  
Her eyes were big brown jewels  
Set in ivory, carved with care  
And a tiny scarlet ribbon  
Tied the strands of wayward hair.

Her feet tapped out a rhythm  
As I held her wee brown hand  
When she spoke her voice was music  
Like the Piper's fairy band.  
And her smile so shy and ready  
Tossed all shadows from that day  
'Tis God that makes such children  
To reach old hearts that way.

My! I was loathe to leave her  
On that fairy mountain top  
With Autumn wearing tapestries  
From Nature's brilliant shop.  
But memories never leave me  
And I'll return there when I can  
To steal another picture  
Of that vision—MARY ANN.





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## Washington, Two Hundred Years After

Continued from page 416

designated it as an office for his young friend, George Washington, the surveyor.

George Washington spent considerable time at Greenway Court, and Lord Fairfax made a deep impression on his life and his character. Most of those three years as surveyor for Fairfax were lived in the open. Washington rarely complained, but he made a practice of recording his adventures, and some of these records showed how pioneers of his day "loved punishment." His job called for incessant hardships, which he endured without complaint. It is more satisfying than accurate to believe that every circumstance conspired to make Washington's life pleasant. On the contrary, except when he was at Greenway Courts or Mount Vernon he was beset with hardships and difficulties. It surely was not "a bed of roses" that he described in the following from his diary of May 15, 1747:

"I not being so good a woodsman as ye rest of my company, striped myself very orderly, and went into ye Bed, as they called it, when to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together without sheets or anything else, but only one threadbare blanket with its weight of vermin such as Lice, Fleas, etc."

On another occasion while surveying, he wrote to a friend; "I have not slept above three nights or four in a bed, but after walking all day, I lay down before a fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder or bearskin . . . with man, wife, and children, like a parcel of dogs and cats; and happy is he, who gets the berth nearest the fire."

In his wanderings as a surveyor he covered wide areas. The local historians of Virginia and West Virginia have marked spots "surveyed by Washington, which he used to visit." Mineral springs are famous because he drank from them and liked the water; and if all of the trees he is supposed to have planted in favorite spots could be collected together they would make quite a wood lot or forest.

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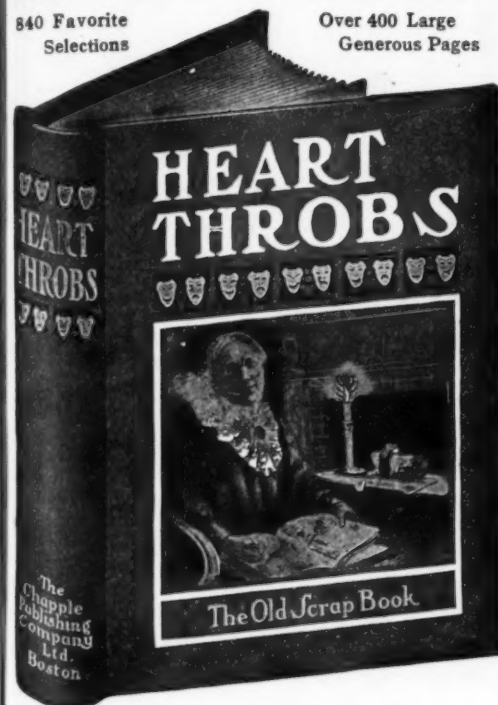
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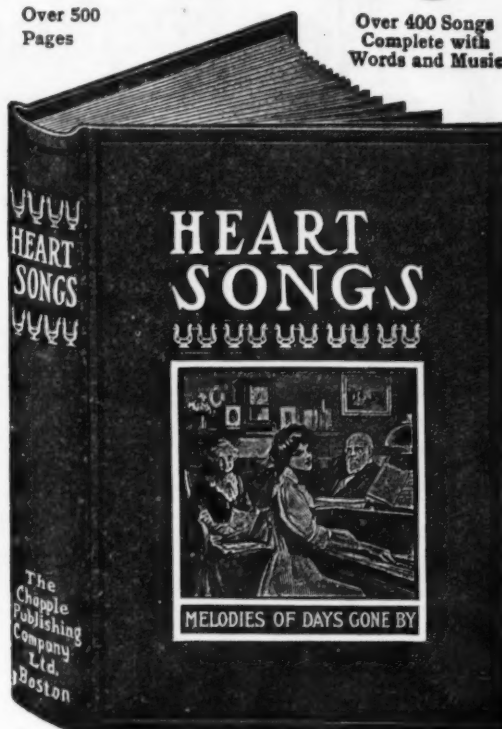
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## The Air-cooled Passenger Trains

*Continued from page 435*

temperature to cause perspiration—that arch enemy of a woman's good looks—and the powder just stays on your nose." Each day more women are realizing, with a thrill of delight, that light clothes may be worn on this train without losing their freshness.

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Occasionally a question is asked concerning the reaction to the heat outside, after one leaves the train. There is something interesting about this, too. A girl tennis devotee recently explained it this way:

"I'd had a hard day's work and I wanted so badly to take a swim before I boarded the *Columbian* last Saturday, but there just wasn't time. However, I was not on the train more than five minutes before I be-

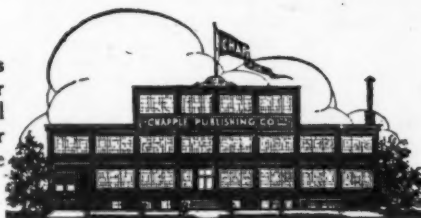
gan to feel as refreshed as as if I'd taken my swim. And when I left the train at Philadelphia, the reaction was not unlike that of having just had a swim and a good rub-down. In other words, I had lost my bedraggled feeling and felt ready to begin a new day. It meant so much to me to be so delightfully prepared to spend a pleasant evening with my friends. It's a real nerve tonic."

A meal in the delightfully cool dining car adds the finishing touches to a journey. Even the children seem to be happier, no doubt because they are more comfortable. Certainly, as my friend had

hinted, a trip on this train is a boon to any mother. One of the loveliest pictures that I have ever seen presented itself on the *Columbian* last Friday when a family of people, father, mother, two little girls and a baby boy—sat about a comfortable table, dining together in the spacious privacy of the drawing room of the observation car. Their own home could hardly have been more comfortable.

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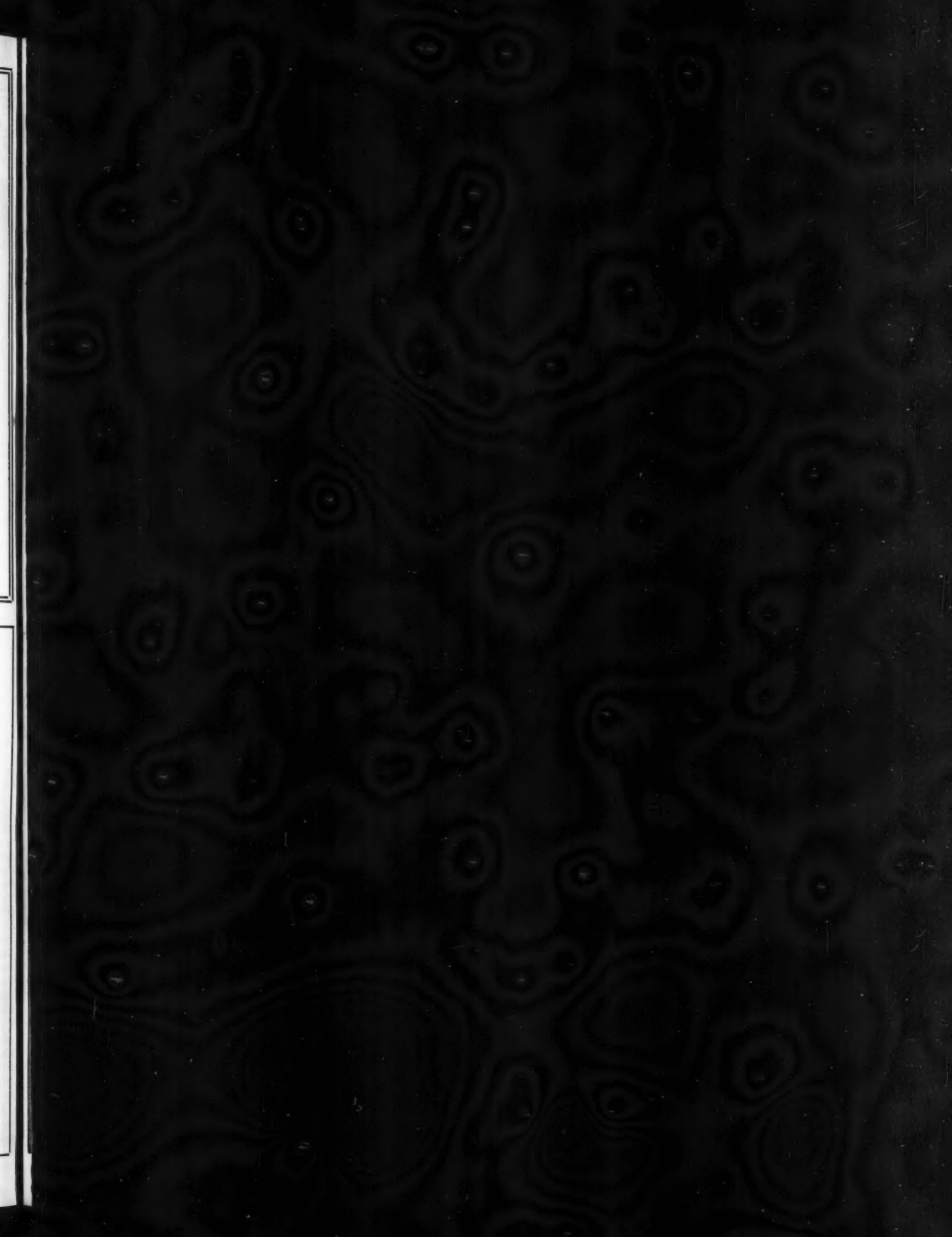
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